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CHANDAMAMA

VIKRAMADITYA AND THE POET

(Page 16)



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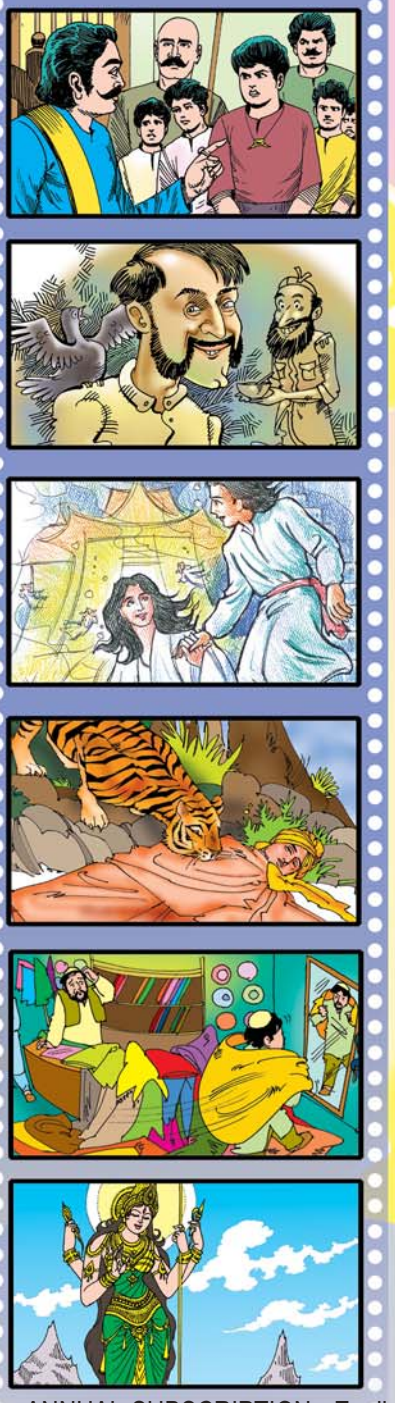
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GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT

We ring in a new year after we ring out a year at the end of twelve months. We do so with all hopes that the new year will augur well for us and for those near and dear to us. It is only natural that we tend to look back and recollect the good things that have happened in our lives in the past one year and wish that the darker days which we might have passed through would never come back.

Almost all great persons in the world would have had different experiences. When we come to know of them, especially through our reading, they exert some influence on us. Without our being aware of it, they can even become turning points in our lives.

We are proud to announce a new series on such incidents – they are more than anecdotes – from this first issue of 2006. They should be interesting and educative to children of ages eight to eighty!

We begin the series appropriately recalling a few incidents in the life of Swami Vivekananda, whose birth anniversary on January 12 is celebrated all over India as Youth Day. He represented the spirit of the resurgent India. The incidents narrated show how the significance of an incident can change if we change our attitude towards it. Fear can be turned into courage; indecision into firm resolution.

The series will not narrate the major or commonly known incidents concerning the famous personalities, but events that are less known, that are human. Great people may also have their weaknesses. How do they tackle them once they grow conscious of such elements? How do they deal with ordinary problems of life with which we are all familiar? Selection of episodes would be based on such queries.

The series will not be limited to lives of Indians. It will cover personalities from all over the world and from all walks of life. We hope such events in the lives of the great will prove interesting and educative to you – our dear readers.

WE WISH YOU A PROGRESSIVE NEW YEAR!

We are always making God our accomplice, so that we may legalise our own iniquities.

-Henri Frederic Amiel

Politics is not the art of the possible. It consists in choosing between the disastrous and the unpalatable.

- J. K. Galbraith

Only a person who can live with himself can enjoy the gift of leisure.

-Henry Greber

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MAIL BAG

Sudha Murty, Bangalore, writes:

Chandamama has taught us the rich Indian tradition and folklore from different parts of the country. Reading *Chandamama* was the only source of entertainment in my childhood as there was no TV, no videos in those days. I used to wait for *Chandamama* for its beautiful stories and colourful illustrations. The magazine has brought us stories from other countries as well.

Reader Anup Bharadwaj, Mysore, has this to say:

I have been reading *Chandamama* for two years now. My mother was reading the magazine in her childhood. Sometimes I wonder whether the stories of those days were not a shade better. Of course, the stories in the present issues are quite good, especially those from Ruskin Bond, the Vetala stories, the historical tales; they are all nice. They really entertain us. The witty questions and the satisfying answers in the Vetala stories really astonish the reader.

Reader Sachin B.writes from Gandiwad:

I like your magazine; I have not missed even a single issue in the last three or four years. The magazine gives a lot of fun. I read *Chandamama* both in English and Kannada and find that there is a lot of difference.

Yogika Garg writes from Hyderabad:

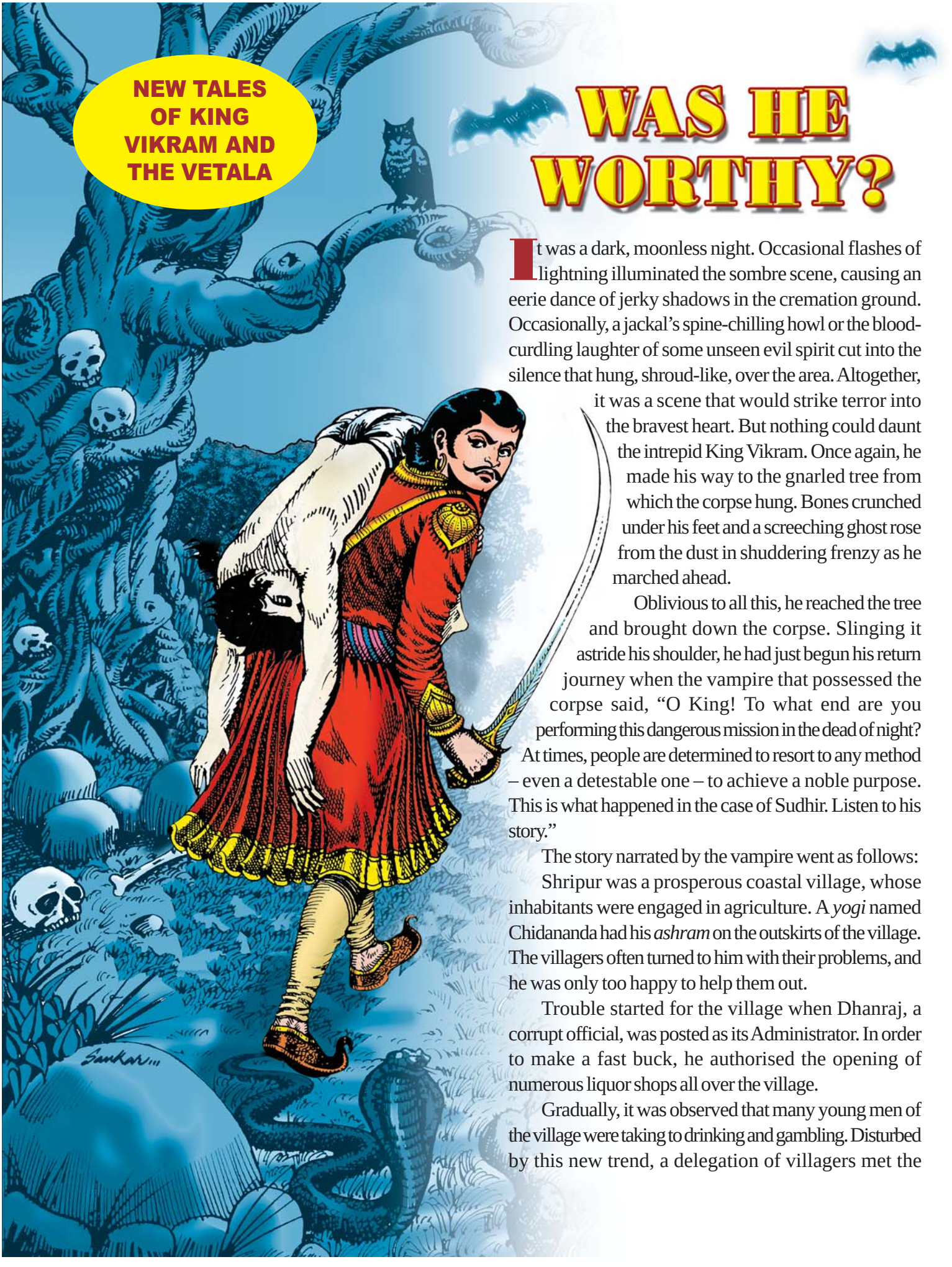
I love to read *Chandmama* very much. What was lacking in the earlier issues—an opportunity to participate in story-writing competitions–was filled when you ran the Read and React competition. Now that it has come to an end, I hope you will introduce new competitions.

Haven't you noticed Kaleidoscope to which children like you send their contributions?

-Editor

This came from Aditya Acharya, Udupi:

The way you concluded "Arya" was superb. I am eagerly waiting for the January issue to read "Garuda", which I am sure would surpass "Arya". I am also waiting for the new contest for readers in the place of "Read and React".



It was a dark, moonless night. Occasional flashes of lightning illuminated the sombre scene, causing an eerie dance of jerky shadows in the cremation ground. Occasionally, a jackal's spine-chilling howl or the blood-curdling laughter of some unseen evil spirit cut into the silence that hung, shroud-like, over the area. Altogether, it was a scene that would strike terror into the bravest heart. But nothing could daunt the intrepid King Vikram. Once again, he made his way to the gnarled tree from which the corpse hung. Bones crunched under his feet and a screeching ghost rose from the dust in shuddering frenzy as he marched ahead.

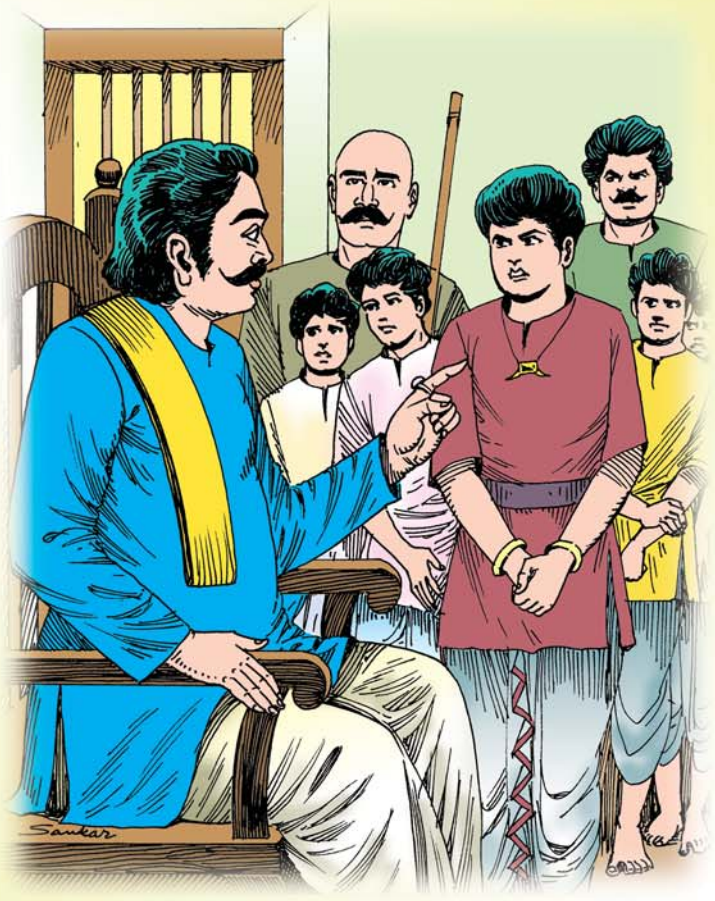
Oblivious to all this, he reached the tree and brought down the corpse. Slinging it astride his shoulder, he had just begun his return journey when the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King! To what end are you performing this dangerous mission in the dead of night? At times, people are determined to resort to any method – even a detestable one – to achieve a noble purpose. This is what happened in the case of Sudhir. Listen to his story."

The story narrated by the vampire went as follows:

Shripur was a prosperous coastal village, whose inhabitants were engaged in agriculture. A *yogi* named Chidananda had his *ashram* on the outskirts of the village. The villagers often turned to him with their problems, and he was only too happy to help them out.

Trouble started for the village when Dhanraj, a corrupt official, was posted as its Administrator. In order to make a fast buck, he authorised the opening of numerous liquor shops all over the village.

Gradually, it was observed that many young men of the village were taking to drinking and gambling. Disturbed by this new trend, a delegation of villagers met the



Administrator and requested him to close down the liquor shops, on the plea that they were corrupting the youth. However, Dhanraj brushed the complaint aside. "We must move with the times if we wish to progress! The liquor shops are an excellent source of revenue to the government. The income will be used in implementing welfare schemes for your village."

The innocent villagers believed this explanation. Little did they know that far from using the money for their welfare, the Administrator was only diverting the money to his own pockets.

A farmer, Bholanath and his wife, Malati, were among those who were deeply concerned about this problem. The couple had two sons, Sudhir and Kishore. While Sudhir was a fine, upright young man and a role model to the youth of the village, the younger Kishore had fallen into bad company and had acquired many vices.

Sudhir noticed that his parents were worried about his brother. He consoled them, saying, "Kishore is only a boy, after all! He'll become sober as he grows older. Don't worry – I shall look after him, and bring him back on track."

Sudhir and his friends set a drama troupe and organised *Hari-katha* sessions and plays in the village square. Through these, they educated the public about the evil effects of drinking and gambling. Gradually, their efforts began to bear fruit as people started staying away from the liquor shops. The reduced profits and widespread criticism of their activities forced the shopkeepers to consider closing down their shops.

Kishore and his cronies did not like this situation at all. One of them said, "Through these goody-goody activities, your brother is trying to earn a name for himself as the messiah of the village. But we're helpless to stop him, for, if we move against him, he'll turn the entire village against us! Only one man can help us now – the Administrator, Dhanraj. Let's meet him."

They found Dhanraj as interested as they themselves were in getting rid of what they described as the menace of Sudhir. He said, "One must use a thorn to get rid of a thorn. We must make use of Sudhir's zeal to get him to act in such a way that he earns the ire of the entire village." Together, they then thought up a plan.

Accordingly, one of Kishore's cronies disguised himself as an ascetic. He met Sudhir and said, "Son, I understand that you're worried about your wayward younger brother. I know a method by which he can be reformed. But it requires courage on your part to carry it out. Are you ready to do it?"

"I'm ready," said Sudhir confidently.

"Then listen. You must alone go to the Rama temple at midnight. Enter the *sanctum sanctorum* and take the bejewelled crown that adorns the deity. Bring it home and place it on your sleeping brother's head for a few minutes. Later, you can restore it to its position. If you do this, your brother will be a changed man, by the deity's blessings – in fact, he will earn glory like Shri Ramachandra himself! But remember, all this must be kept secret."

Sudhir believed the fake ascetic's words implicitly. At the stroke of midnight, he set out for the temple. He found the shrine doors open (actually, this was as per the order given by the Administrator). Believing it to be a sign of divine favour, he confidently went in and picked up the crown from the idol. But he had hardly stepped out of the temple with it when Dhanraj's men, who had

been hiding outside in anticipation of this very moment, pounced upon him, shouting, "Thief! Thief!"

They dragged him to Dhanraj and said, "Sir, here's a thief who was trying to steal the priceless crown from the temple. We've caught him red-handed!"

In his role as the village law-enforcer, Dhanraj grilled Sudhir vigorously, but the latter refused to give any explanation for his actions. All he would say that it was his misfortune. Early the next morning, Dhanraj summoned all the people of the village to a meeting. There, exulting inwardly at the success of his plan, he declared, "This fellow has been found guilty of trying to steal the sacred crown of Lord Rama. As a punishment, he is to be given 50 whip-lashes."

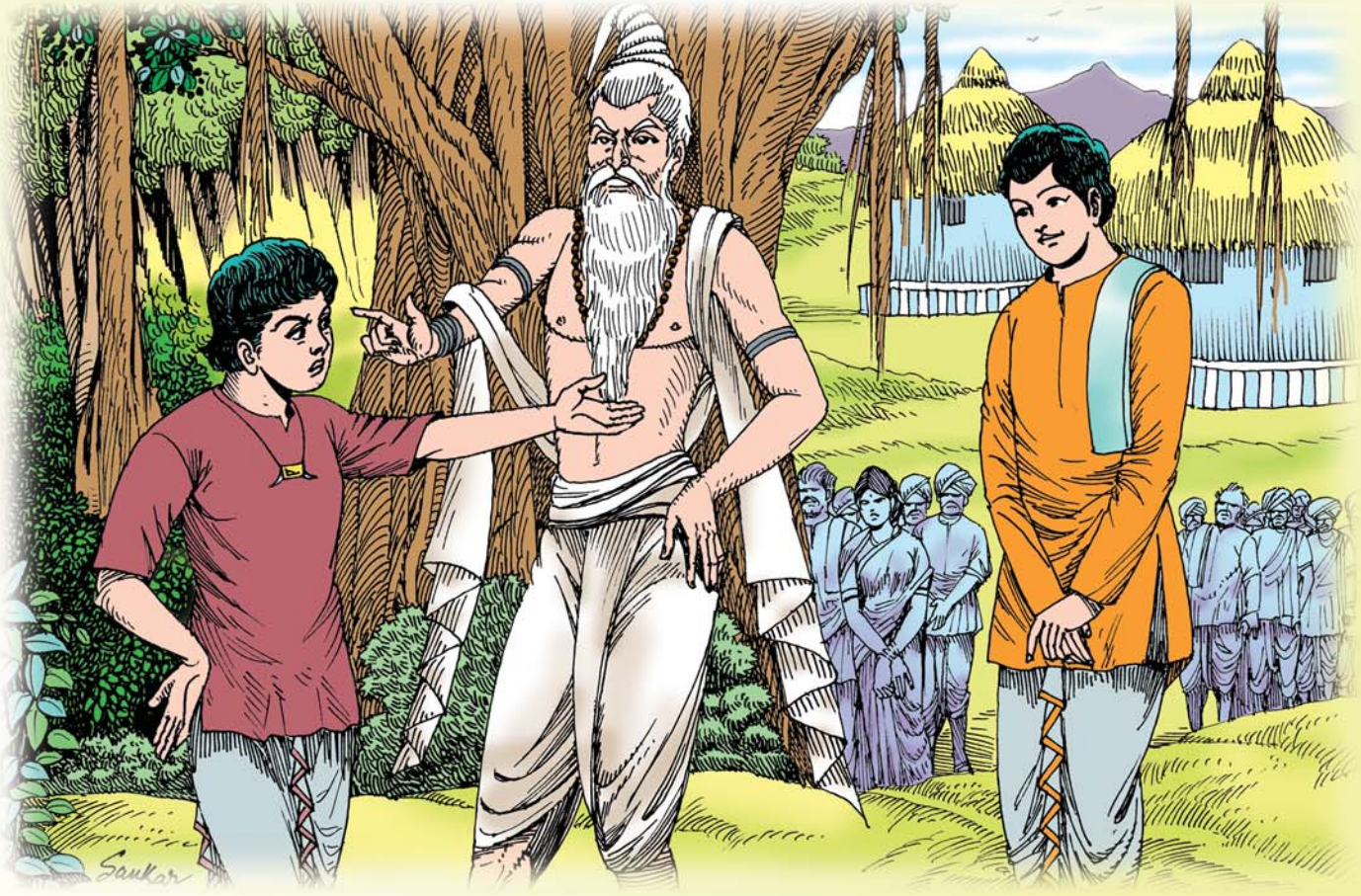
Just then, Sudhir's mother Malati came running to the spot, having heard the news. She addressed Sudhir, "My son, I know that you're incapable of doing any wrong. You would never stoop to such a despicable deed as stealing the deity's crown. So, why did you do it? Tell me, son, tell me! I cannot bear to see you humiliated and punished thus."

Without any change of expression, Sudhir calmly answered, "Mother, believe me when I tell you this – if I reveal why I took the Lord's crown, it would cause harm to the entire village. Isn't it my duty to safeguard our village?"

On hearing this, Dhanraj burst out laughing and exclaimed, "See – he's trying to throw us off his track by all this mumbo-jumbo. He's a cunning thief who wears the mask of a good man. At least now we know the truth about him! Let the punishment be carried out without delay."

He handed over the whip to one of his henchmen, who flexed it menacingly. But the next moment, Malati cried out, "My son is keeping silent in order to protect this village from calamity. But, for this he's going to be punished by the village authorities. May this ungrateful village be destroyed! This is my curse – a mother's curse!"

The next moment, people felt the earth shaking beneath their feet. As they watched in horror, their houses and other buildings collapsed. The sea grew turbulent, as waves rose higher and higher. Then, a great wave crashed



on to the shore. Numerous people, including the corrupt Administrator, were washed away into the depths of the murky ocean. Those houses which had been spared by the earthquake were completely wrecked by the high-rising waves. The waves and the tremors lasted only a few minutes. But those few minutes had been sufficient to cause lasting damage.

Much later, the dazed survivors – among whom were Bholanath, Malati and both their sons – took stock of the situation. It was evident that their land, which had been submerged in sea water, was now unfit for cultivation and was likely to remain so for a long time. How then would they survive, with their means of livelihood gone? As was their wont in times of crisis, they decided to seek the advice of *yogi* Chidananda.

In a body, they proceeded to his *ashram* and narrated their woes to him. After hearing the whole story, the *yogi* declared, "I know how to make your village habitable once again. But to do this, I need the services of a person from among you who has never done a wrong. I have identified such a man – Sudhir. I shall teach him my secret *mantra*s and show him what to do."

On hearing this, Kishore leapt forward and cried, "O sage, don't you know that my brother is the one who stole the deity's crown for his personal gain? How can such an ignoble man redeem the village? Please reconsider your decision!"

Casting a stern glance at Kishore, the *yogi* replied, "I know everything. Sudhir is the right person for the task, and it's he who shall redeem your village!"

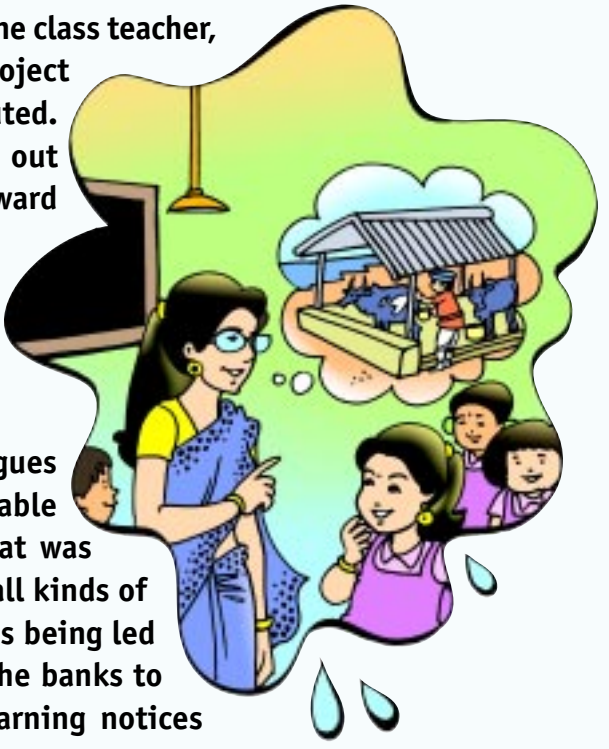
Stopping the story at this point, the vampire demanded, "O King, of course, we know, that Kishore was lying, and that his brother was no thief. But isn't there a grain of truth in his accusation? Sudhir did have a selfish motive in stealing the crown – that of getting his wayward brother to reform. No doubt his intention was good, but he went about it in a wrong way. Does the end justify the means? If you know the answer, speak up. Otherwise, your head shall split into a thousand pieces!"

Without a moment's hesitation, King Vikram calmly answered, "It's true that Sudhir took the crown, hoping that its miraculous powers would help his wayward brother to mend his ways. But his aim was not only to reform his brother, but thereby redeem the entire village from the morass of vice into which it had fallen. Further, he was not stealing the crown but merely borrowing it, with the intention of restoring it to its place after a few minutes. Heeding the fake ascetic's warning that the matter had to be kept secret, he refused to reveal the reason for his action even under compulsion. Believing that harm would befall the village if he spoke out, he was ready to face punishment silently. This reveals the extent of his nobility and unselfish love for his village. Thus, he was indeed the right man to redeem the village; the *yogi* did not err in his judgement."

On hearing this, the vampire nodded in approval. But the very next moment, he, along with the corpse, moved off the king's shoulder and flew back to the tree. With a little sigh, King Vikram squared his shoulders and retraced his steps towards the tree.



POLLUTION-FREE LAKE



Veena's class is on a project visit to the nearby lake. The class teacher, Miss Rodrigues, divides them into groups. The project takes off from the complaint that the lake is being polluted. Is there a solution? The children are expected to come out with suggestions, with the best of them earning an award for the team.

The children roam about the whole morning. Back at school later, they are given one hour to write their reports.They are collected by the class teacher, before the children disperse for the day.

Next day, they wait with bated breath as Miss Rodrigues enters the classroom. She places the reports on the table and says: "Most of you have not failed to notice what was going on around the lake–people taking a bath, using all kinds of harmful detergents to wash clothes, cows and buffaloes being led into the lake to be given a scrub, and children using the banks to ease themselves. And some of you suggest fixing warning notices around the lake to prevent such misuse."

After a brief pause she continues: "One group seems to have noticed the small factory on the bank of the lake and how it is letting out stinking chemicals. And what is the preventive step suggested? Shifting of the factory! Good! But how far is it practicable? More than preventive steps, like warnings and sometimes use of force, none of you have thought of positive actions, except Veena and her troupe! Her team has suggested separate built up areas like a dhobi ghat and a shed for giving a spray wash to the cattle; they also propose to meet the children and tell them how they can avoid misusing the lake and its surroundings; they will also appeal to the grown-ups not to use harmful detergents while taking their bath. For making such constructive suggestions, I feel Veena and her team should be rewarded!"

The children loudly cheer Veena "Hurrah!" Miss Rodrigues announces that the award will be given at the Annual Day function.



Flash News

E- TRACKING ELEPHANTS



There are nearly 800 captive elephants in Kerala. Records of their ownership or their movements are not available in respect of 80 per cent of them. However, the Forest Department will soon be able to track them after the animals are implanted with micro-chips beneath their skin. The scheme was approved of in 2003, but implementation was delayed for want of micro-chips. Some 1,200 micro-chips are now on their way to the State. When the chips are in position, readings can be taken with the help of a special instrument. By this exercise, the authorities will be able to study the animals' behavioural patterns, record information about the diseases affecting them and the treatment given to them, vaccination, and other details, which will then reach the control room through satellites. Software is now being prepared on elephants in 14 districts.



UNIQUE CELESTIAL PHENOMENON

If you had missed it, you will have to wait for another 6,000 years to see the three-in-one celestial phenomenon that happened in October last. There were two eclipses and a close encounter of Earth with Mars–all in one month. According to astronomers, nobody would be able to watch such a phenomenon from the same spot for thousands of years. A solar eclipse happened on October 3, a lunar eclipse on October 17, while Mars came as close as 69.45 million km to Earth on October 30.

SPORTS UNIVERSITY



The College of Physical Education in Chennai is a pioneering institution, being the first of its kind in the country. Now, if everything goes well, Chennai will soon boast an exclusive university to promote sports, again the first one of its kind. The President of India, Dr.A.P.J.Abdul Kalam, is reported to have approved the plan for establishing such a university. The institution is quite likely to be located in Sriperumbudur, a suburb of Chennai, or in Karaikudi.

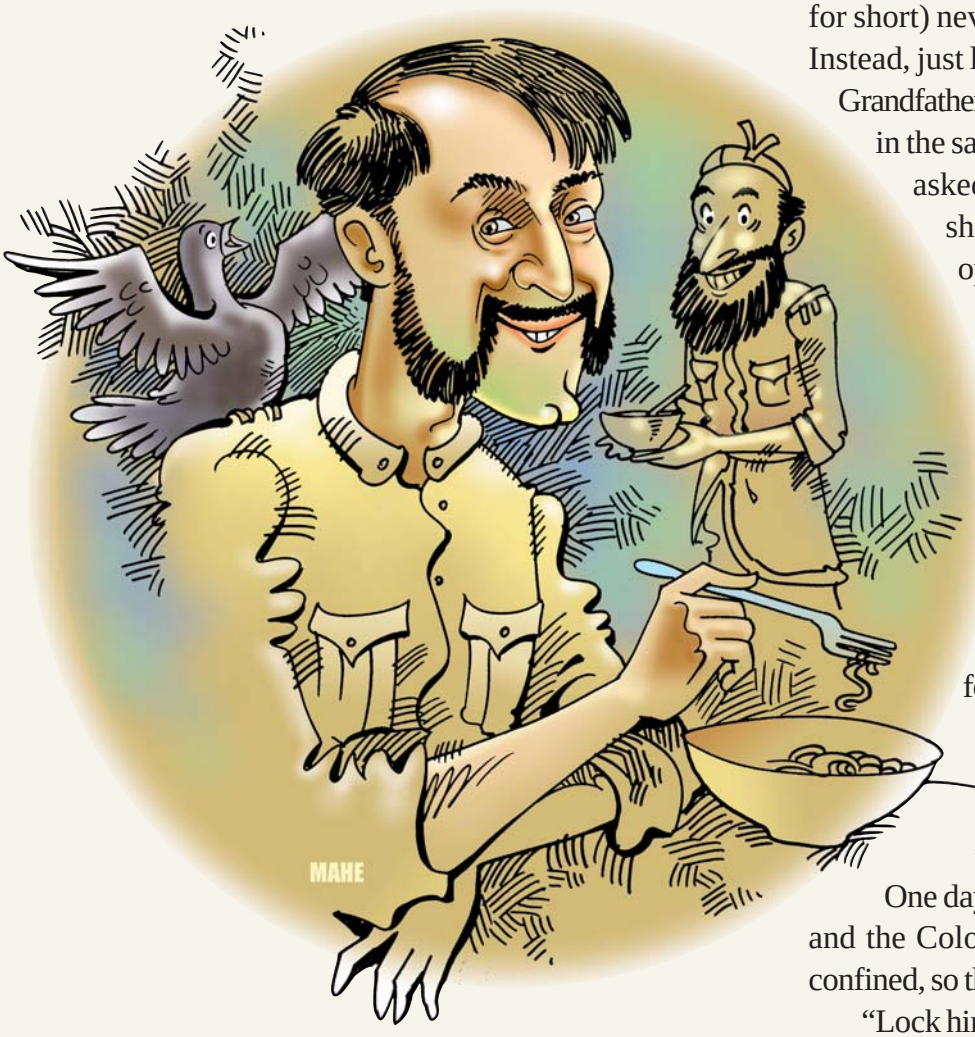
From the pen of RUSKIN BOND



THE REGIMENTAL MYNA

IN MY GRANDFATHER'S time, British soldiers stationed in India were very fond of keeping pets, and there were very few barrack-rooms where pets were not to be found. Dogs and cats were the most common; but birds were also great favourites.

In one instance, a bird was not only the pet of a barrack-room but of a whole regiment. His owner was



my grandfather, Private Bond, a soldier of the line, who had come out to India with the King's Own Scottish Rifles.

The bird was a myna, common enough in India, and Grandfather named it Dickens after his favourite author. Dickens came into Grandfather's possession when quite young, and he was soon a favourite with all the men in the barracks at Meerut where the regiment was stationed. Meerut was hot and dusty; the curries were hot and spicy; the General in command was hot-tempered and crusty. Keeping a pet was almost the sole recreation for the men in barracks.

Because he was tamed so young, Dickens (or Dicky for short) never learned to pick up food for himself. Instead, just like a baby bird, he took his meals from Grandfather's mouth. And other men used to feed him in the same way. When Dickens was hungry, he asked for food by sitting on Grandfather's shoulders, flapping his wings rapidly, and opening his beak.

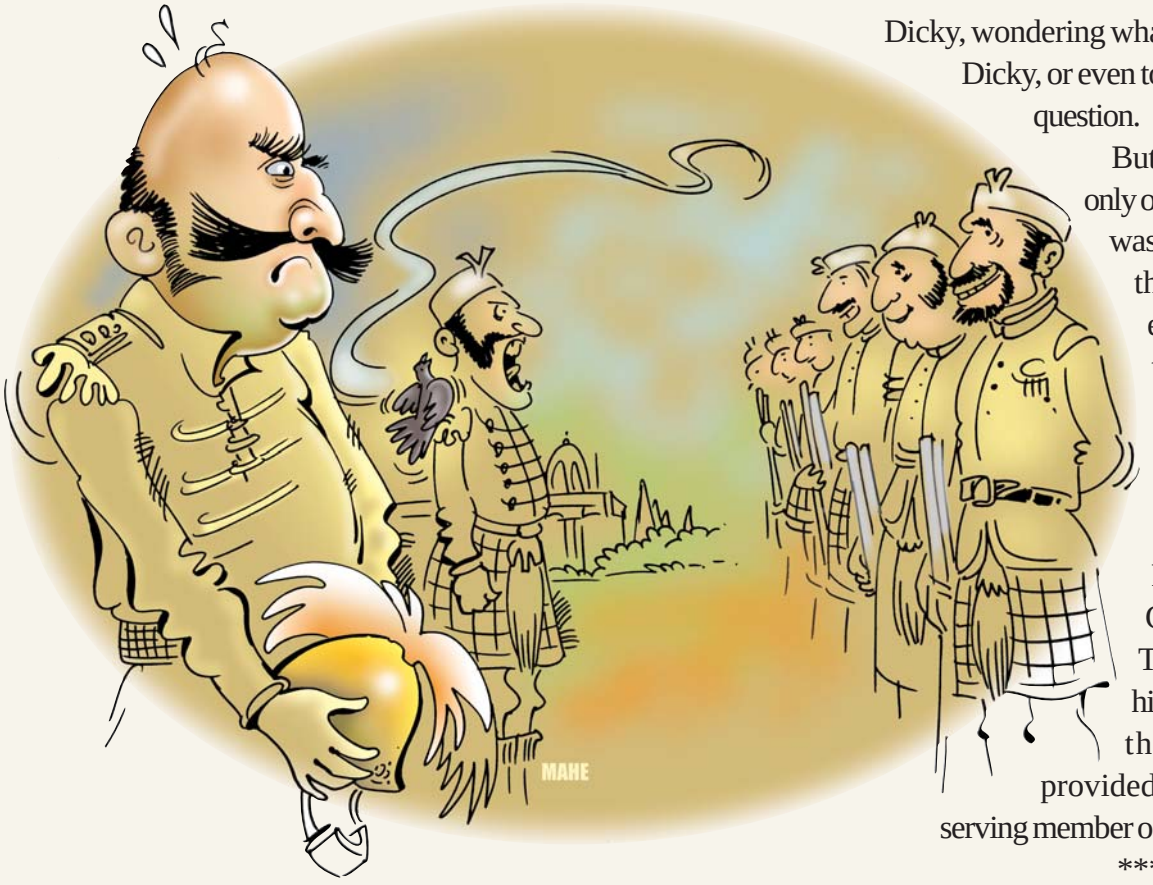
Dicky was never caged, and as soon as he was able to fly, he attended all parades, watched the rations being issued, and was present on every occasion which brought the soldiers out of their barracks. When out in the country, he would follow the regiment or party, flying from shoulder to shoulder, or from tree to tree, always keeping a sharp lookout for his enemies, the hawks.

Sometimes he would choose a mounted officer as a companion; but after the manoeuvers were over, he would return to Grandfather's shoulder.

One day there was to be a General's inspection, and the Colonel gave orders that Dicky was to be confined, so that he wouldn't appear on parade.

"Lock him away somewhere, Bond," the Colonel snapped. "We can't have him flapping all over the parade ground."

Dickens was put into a storeroom, with the windows closed and the door locked, But while the General's inspection was going on, the mess orderly, who wanted



something from the storeroom and knew where to find the key, opened the door.

Out flew Dickens. He made straight for the parade ground, greatly excited at being late and chattering loudly.

Dicky must have thought the General had something to do with this detention, or else he might have felt an explanation was due to him. Whatever his reasoning, he chose to alight on the General's pith helmet, between the plumes.

Here he chattered faster than ever, much to the surprise of the General, who was obliged to take his helmet off before he could dislodge the bird.

"What the dickens!" exclaimed the General, going purple in the face—for Dicky had discharged his breakfast between the plumes of the helmet.

Meanwhile, Dicky had flown to the Colonel's shoulder to make further complaints, to the great delight of the men.

"Fall out, Bond!" the Colonel screamed. "Take this bird away—for good! I don't want to see it again!"

A crestfallen Private Bond returned to barracks with Dicky, wondering what to do next. To part with Dicky, or even to cage him, was out of the question.

But Grandfather was not the only one who loved Dickens. He was also highly popular with the entire battalion. In the end, Grandfather decided to ask his Captain to bring him before the Colonel so he could ask forgiveness for Dicky's behaviour.

The Colonel gave Private Bond and his Captain a patient hearing. Then the Colonel consulted his officers and decided that the bird could stay—provided he was taken on as a serving member of the regiment!

****

Dickens's popularity was not surprising, as he was highly intelligent. He knew the men of his own regiment from those of others and would only associate with Scottish Rifles. Even in the drill season, when there were so many as twenty regiments in camp, Dicky never made a mistake.

Dickens had a unique method of getting from one part of the camp to another. Instead of flying over the top of the camp, he would go in stages from tent to tent, flying very low, sheltering in each one, then peeping out and looking carefully for hawks before moving on to the next.

One day, Grandfather was admitted to hospital with malaria. Dicky couldn't find him anywhere and searched and searched all over the camp in great distress. The hospital was a couple of kilometres from the barracks, and it wasn't until the third day of searching that Dickens finally discovered Grandfather lying there.

From then on, for as long as Grandfather was on the sick list, Dicky spent his time at the hospital. An upturned helmet was placed on a shelf for him near Grandfather's

bed, and Dickens spent the night inside it. As soon as Grandfather was discharged from the hospital, Dickens left as well, and never returned, not even for a visit.

***

In 1888, the regiment got orders to proceed to Calcutta, en route for Burma (now known as Myanmar), where it was to take part in the Chin Lushai Expedition. All pets had to be left behind, and Dickens was no exception.

But Dicky had his own views on the subject.

The regiment travelled in stages, marching along the Grand Trunk Road, moving at night and going into rest camps for the day.

Dickens caught up on the third day. He arrived in camp after a journey of more than 300 km—dull, dejected, and starving, as he still depended on being fed from Grandfather's mouth.

Route-marching and travelling by train (the railway was just beginning to spread across India), the battalion finally reached Calcutta. From there, contrary to orders, Dickens embarked for Burma along with the soldiers.

On board the ship, Dickens would amuse himself by peeping from the portholes and flapping from one to the other. He would also go up on deck and sometimes even take experimental flights out to sea. But one day he was caught in a gale and had such difficulty getting back to the ship that he gave up that kind of adventuring.

Dickens stayed with his regiment all through the expedition and the campaign. Many of his soldier friends lost their lives, but Grandfather and Dickens survived the fighting and returned safely to Calcutta.

Grandfather, now a Corporal, was given six months' home leave, along with the rest of the regiment. This meant sailing home to England.

During the first part of the voyage, Dicky was his usual cheerful self. But when the ship left the Suez Canal, the weather grew cold, and he was no longer to be seen on the yardarms or on the bridge with the captain. He even lost interest in going on deck with Grandfather, preferring to stay with the parrots on the waste deck.

After the ship passed Gibraltar, Dickens went below. He never came on deck again.

Dickens was laid out in a Huntley and Palmer's biscuit tin and buried at sea. Not, perhaps, with full military honours, but certainly to the sound of Grandfather's bagpipes, playing "The Last Post".



A PAGE FROM INDIAN HISTORY:

VIKRAMADITYA

Chandragupta II, better known as King Vikramaditya, was reputed for his generosity. But his ministers did not always approve of this generosity; they were afraid he would give away too much and there would be nothing left to run the kingdom. Vikramaditya refused to listen to them.

Once when he was visiting the city of Shravasti, he was shocked to find that many people did not even possess the bare necessities of life. "Please take out five lakh gold coins from the royal treasury and distribute them among these poor people," he commanded.

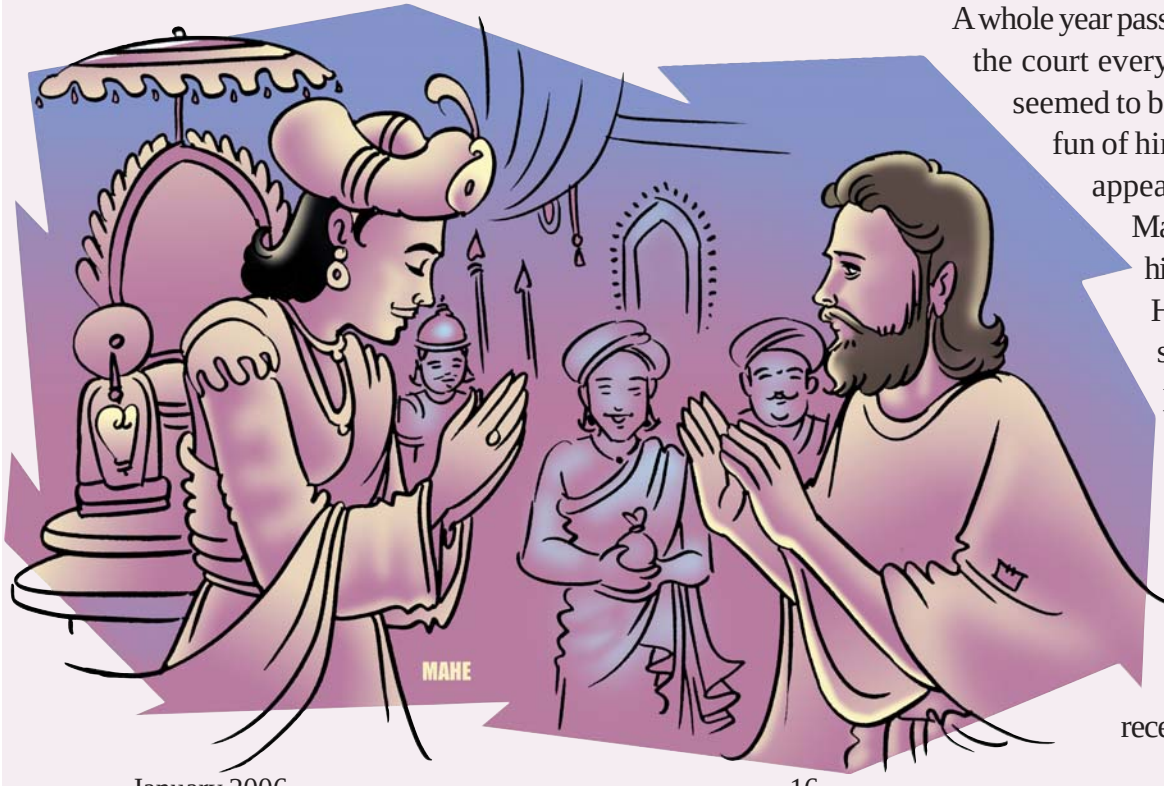
"Sire, if you give them so much now, you will have to raise money by increasing their taxes later on," cautioned his minister.

"We shall cross the bridge when we come to it," said Vikramaditya with a smile.

"Are you sure you want me to give them five lakh gold coins?" asked the minister once again.

"No, I don't," said the king looking at the minister, "please send for ten lakh gold coins and distribute them."

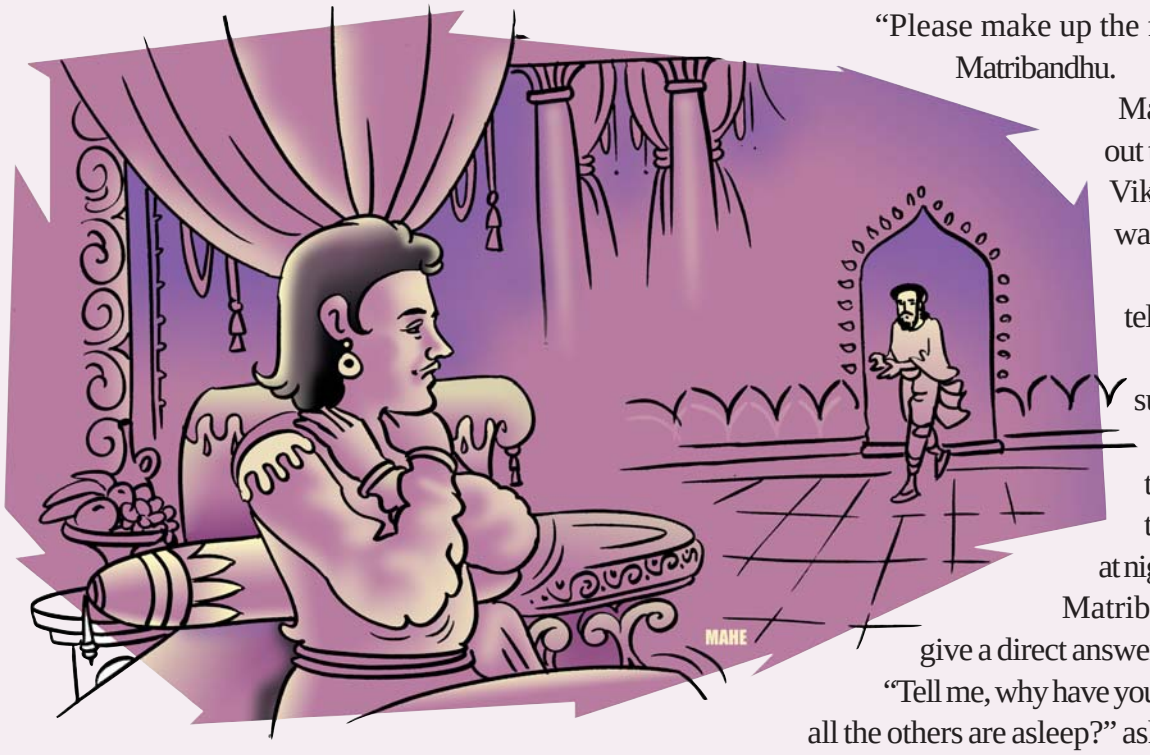
Such was the reputation of King Vikramaditya! He was also a scholar of renown, and took care of all scholars who came to his court. Hearing about his reputation, a poor poet named Matribandhu decided to try his luck there. He arrived at Vikramaditya's court, but decided not to ask for anything. He wanted to see if the king would recognize his talent and reward him accordingly. So, when Vikramaditya met all the visitors, Matribandhu only blessed him and said nothing more. The king realized that here was a scholar who was different from the others. So he decided to test him, too. Although he rewarded all the other scholars, he merely asked his attendants to put up Matribandhu at the guest house. He was neither given any designation nor any particular duty to perform. Matribandhu had a roof over his head and two square meals a day along with the others. The king was determined to see if he would ask for anything. Matribandhu was equally determined not to do it!



A whole year passed by. Matribandhu went to the court every day and tried to do what seemed to be his duty. Everyone made fun of him because the king did not appear to notice him at all. But Matribandhu took everything in his stride and did not complain. He lived a quiet life, studying scriptures and composing poetry and made no attempt to put himself in the limelight.

One morning, as King Vikramaditya was taking a stroll in the royal garden, he saw Matribandu passing by. His clothes were tattered, as he had received no new ones ever since

AND THE POET



he arrived, and he looked thin and weak because the two square meals he received were plainly not adequate. The king felt ashamed of himself for neglecting him so badly. He realized that Matribandhu deserved something very special. However, he could not decide what that special reward should be. Soon Vikramaditya forgot all about the poet who continued to live as before.

Winter arrived, and it was particularly a fierce one. One night, Vikramaditya woke up shivering and found that the fire in his room had died out. He called out to the royal attendants. But no one answered him.

"Is there no one there?" the king called again.

"What is it, your majesty?" asked Matribandhu coming into the room.

"You!" asked the king in surprise. "Where are the others?"

Matribandhu did not tell him that they were all sleeping. "Please tell me if there's anything I can do," he answered.

"Please make up the fire in my room," he told Matribandhu.

Matribandhu was about to go out to fetch the pot of fire when Vikramaditya noticed that he was also shivering with cold.

"Wait," he said. "Can you tell me what time it is?"

"Just one more hour for sunrise," replied the poet.

"How do you know the time so accurately?" asked the king. "Don't you sleep at night?"

Matribandhu smiled, but did not give a direct answer to the king's question.

"Tell me, why have you been keeping awake when all the others are asleep?" asked the king.

Matribandhu made up a poem on the spot and recited it to the king. In the poem he described his worries, the pain of hunger and of cold; how he tried to warm himself by the fire which was inadequate since he had no money to buy firewood. And how difficult it was to go to sleep when he was half starved and had no winter clothes to keep himself warm. He blamed no one for his situation. He said it was merely because he had been deserted by his destiny.

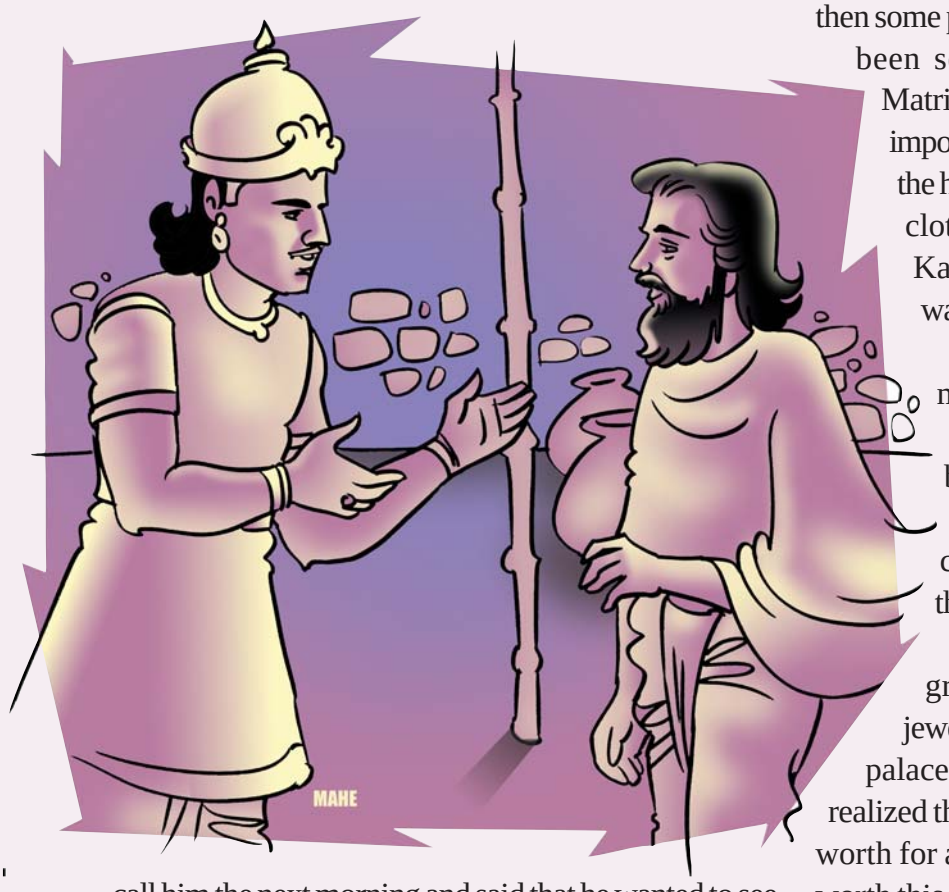
King Vikramaditya thanked him and asked him to go and rest. This time he was determined to do something for the poor poet who had suffered so much.

In those days, Kashmir was part of Vikramaditya's kingdom. The ruler had just died and there was no one to take care of the state. Vikramaditya decided that he would make Matribandhu the ruler of Kashmir. He sent a messenger that very night saying that he was sending Matribandhu to Kashmir with the necessary letter of authority and that he should be made the King of Kashmir

as soon as he arrived. He felt happy that at last he was able to reward Matribandhu suitably.

But when Matribandhu left the king to go back to his room that night, he was heart broken. The king had told him nothing despite knowing all about his situation. Matribandhu felt quite sure that the king's heart was untouched and he meant to do nothing at all for him. In any case, his existence was a hard one and he felt no wish to continue it. So, Matribandhu decided to leave Vikramaditya's kingdom the very next day.

He was surprised when the king's attendant came to call him the next morning and said that he wanted to see Matribandhu. He went silently and touched his feet, determined to leave instantly. But Vikramaditya smiled at him and said, "Matribandhu, I want you to do something for me. Here's a very important letter. I want you to carry it personally to Kashmir."



"Very well, your majesty," said Matribandhu without much enthusiasm. The minister handed him the letter and said, "It is an important document. Please ensure that no one reads it except the person it is meant for."

"No one shall, so long as I am alive," said Matribandhu as he left the court.

All those present in the court blamed the king for letting him go on a long and difficult journey without adequate clothes and money. But Matribandhu said nothing and set off on his errand feeling even more hurt. So, the king felt that he was only good enough for becoming a messenger!

The way was tough and Matribandhu was fagged out even before he reached his destination. He was somewhere near the border and it was bitterly cold. Just then some people arrived there and asked him if he had been sent by the great Vikramaditya. When Matribandhu told them that he had come with an important letter from the king, they showed him all the honour due to a revered guest, gave him fresh clothes and piping hot food and took him to Kashmir in a chariot. A lot of people were waiting for him at the palace.

"Are you Matribandhu?" asked the chief minister.

"Yes," said Matribandhu looking bewildered.

"Well then, please get ready for your coronation. King Vikramaditya has ordered that you should be the king of this land."

Matribandhu was made the king amidst great celebration, given royal clothes and jewellery befitting a king and then escorted to his palace. He wept tears of gratitude and joy and realized that King Vikramaditya had been testing his worth for a whole year and had decided that he was worth this great favour. He immediately sent a poem expressing his gratitude. He tried to rule his kingdom exactly the way he had seen Vikramaditya do and made his people very happy.

Matribandhu ruled Kashmir for just over four years. When he heard that King Vikramaditya had passed away, he was so heartbroken that he felt he could no longer remain a king himself. He abdicated, gave up every mortal possession and went to Kashi where he lived the life of a sanyasi for the rest of his life. ***- Swapna Dutta***

LAUGH TILL YOU DROP!



If you think that something small cannot make a difference- try going to sleep with a mosquito in the room. - *Unknown*

Manisha: Did you know that one of the smartest people in the whole world is going deaf?

Sonu: No. Who is it?

Manisha: What did you say?



Little Pooja was telling her mother about her day in school. "Today our teacher asked me if I had any younger brothers or sisters, and I told her I was the only child."

"And then what did she say?" asked her mother.

"She said, 'Thank goodness!'"





"Now children," said the teacher, "there's a wonderful example for us in the life of the ant. Every day the ant goes to work. Every day the ant is busy. And in the end, what happens?"

A voice came from the back of the room: "And then somebody steps on him."

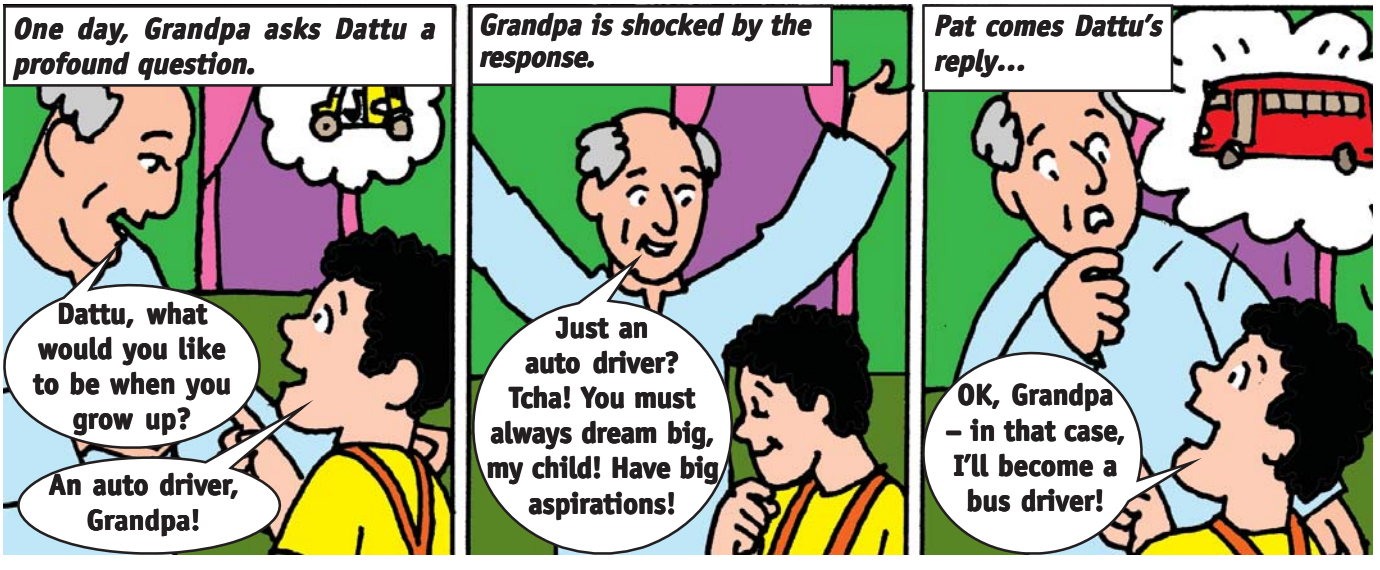
In the Egypt Room of the museum, two small boys stopped in font of a mummy and saw a card that read 2325 B.C.

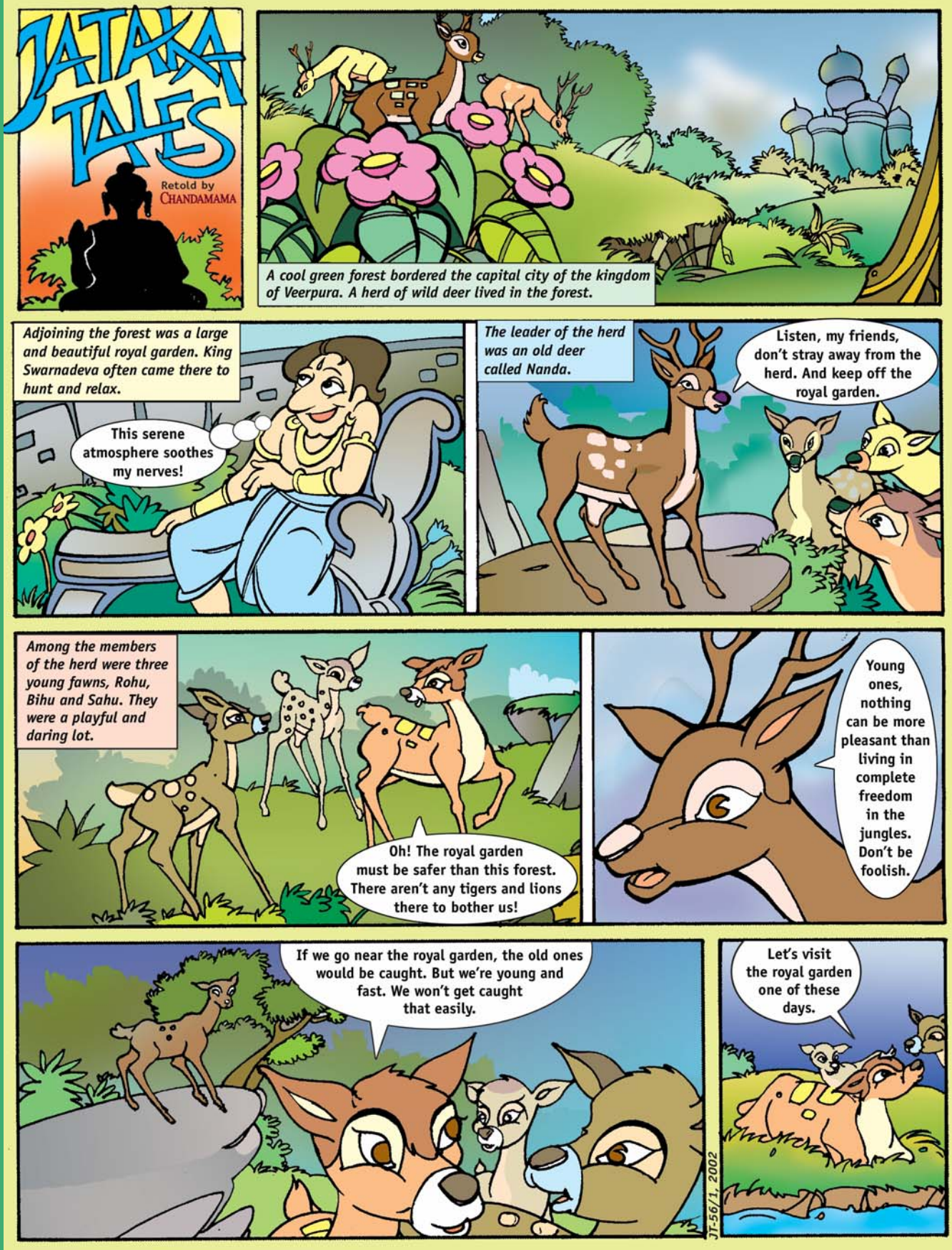
"What does that mean?" asked one boy.

"It's probably the license number of the car that hit him," replied the other.

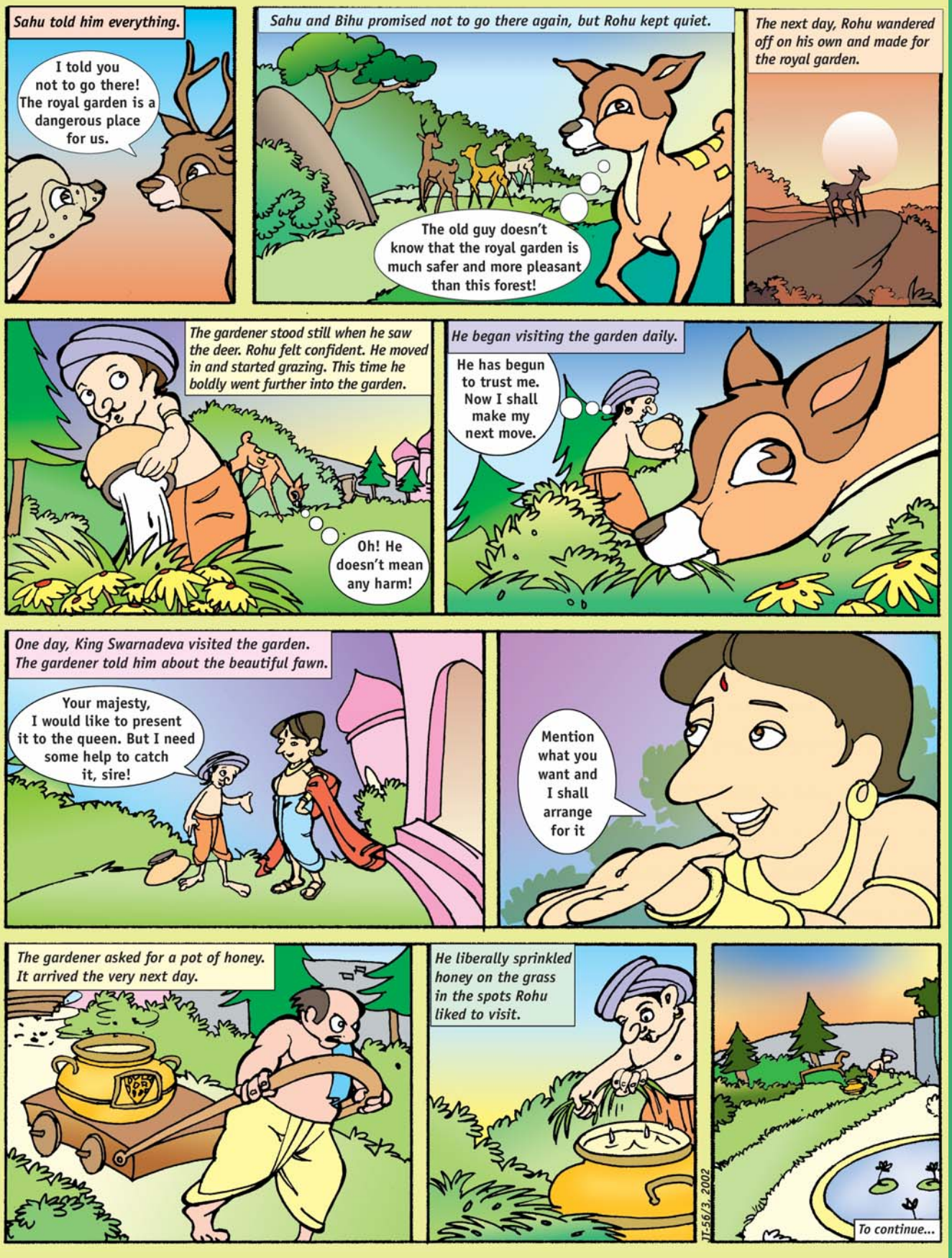


DUSHTU DATTU




JATAKA TALES
Retold by CHANDAMAMA
A cool green forest bordered the capital city of the kingdom of Veerpura. A herd of wild deer lived in the forest.
Adjoining the forest was a large and beautiful royal garden. King Swarnadeva often came there to hunt and relax.
This serene atmosphere soothes my nerves!
The leader of the herd was an old deer called Nanda.
Listen, my friends, don't stray away from the herd. And keep off the royal garden.
Among the members of the herd were three young fawns, Rohu, Bihu and Sahu. They were a playful and daring lot.
Oh! The royal garden must be safer than this forest. There aren't any tigers and lions there to bother us!
Young ones, nothing can be more pleasant than living in complete freedom in the jungles. Don't be foolish.
If we go near the royal garden, the old ones would be caught. But we're young and fast. We won't get caught that easily.
Let's visit the royal garden one of these days.
JT-56/1, 2002

SWEET TRAP


Sahu told him everything.
I told you not to go there! The royal garden is a dangerous place for us.
Sahu and Bihu promised not to go there again, but Rohu kept quiet.
The old guy doesn't know that the royal garden is much safer and more pleasant than this forest!
The next day, Rohu wandered off on his own and made for the royal garden.
The gardener stood still when he saw the deer. Rohu felt confident. He moved in and started grazing. This time he boldly went further into the garden.
Oh! He doesn't mean any harm!
He began visiting the garden daily.
He has begun to trust me. Now I shall make my next move.
One day, King Swarnadeva visited the garden. The gardener told him about the beautiful fawn.
Your majesty, I would like to present it to the queen. But I need some help to catch it, sire!
Mention what you want and I shall arrange for it
The gardener asked for a pot of honey. It arrived the very next day.
He liberally sprinkled honey on the grass in the spots Rohu liked to visit.
To continue...
JT-56/3, 2002

SCIENCE FAIR

- By Rosscote Krishna Pillai

JANUARY BORN – HARGOBIND KHORANA



The first scientist in the world to accomplish the successful synthesis of a gene - the basic hereditary unit of life - in a laboratory was Hargobind Khorana. He was born on January 9, 1922 in a poor family, the lone literate family in Raipur, a little village in Punjab (now in Pakistan). His father, a village clerk under the British rule, sent him to a school in Multan and later to Punjab University in Lahore, where he took his B.Sc. and M.Sc. degrees.

In 1945, Khorana went to England on a Government scholarship and was awarded Ph.D. by the University of Liverpool in 1948. He spent a year in Zurich as a post-doctoral fellow at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology. He returned home for a brief period in 1949. He again left for England. On getting a fellowship, he worked for two years at the University of Cambridge with two eminent professors, Dr G.W.Kenner and Prof. (later Lord) A.R.Todd. It was here that he developed his keen interest in investigations on proteins and nucleic acids, two important constituents in the structure and function of all living organisms. He left for Vancouver in Canada after accepting a job in the University of British Columbia and joined a group under Dr. G.M. Shrum and Dr. J.Campbell and continued his work on nucleic acids and other genetic substances. After eight years, Dr. Khorana (then 38) joined the University of Wisconsin in the U.S.A. in 1960 as Professor of Biochemistry and co-Director of the Institute of Enzyme Research. He became a U.S. citizen and joined the famous Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) in 1970 as Professor of Biology and Chemistry.

While in the U.S.A., Khorana made his life's most outstanding contributions to science, especially biochemistry, genetics and molecular biology. He won the Nobel Prize for Medicine/Physiology in 1968 along with M.W.Nirenberg and R.W.Holley of the Salk Institute for deciphering the genetic code. They showed how this code, the mother of the biological language common to all living organisms, functions in protein synthesis and works in the cell. Next year Dr. Khorana made the more marvellous scientific breakthrough of producing a gene by combining simple organic chemicals in a test tube. While announcing it, he said:"In the long-distant future, the knowledge might allow for genetic planning of individuals— tailoring people to fit patterns, turn out athletes or intellectuals." Dr. Khorana was also the first to synthesise what are called oligonucletides, strings of nucleotides, which have become indispensable tools in biotechnology. They are widely used in cloning new plants and animals. Dr. Khorana's contributions have led to a new branch in science called genetic engineering.

This Indian-American scientist has received several awards and honours, including India's Padma Vibhushan.

NOBEL FOR DISCOVERY OF BACTERIUM CAUSING PEPTIC ULCER



In 1982, two Australian doctors made the remarkable discovery that it was infection by a bacterium that caused inflammation in the stomach or *gastritis* as well as peptic ulcers — stomach or duodenal ulcers— and not stress, diet or excess acid, as was till then commonly believed. Dr. Robin Warren (68), a pathologist from Perth,and Prof. Barry J. Marshall (54), now at the University of Western Australia, were chosen for the Nobel Prize in Medicine/Physiology of 2005 more than two decades after their "pathbreaking" discovery. Warren, while examining tissue samples in biopsies taken from the stomachs of ulcer patients, observed small spiral-shaped bacteria in the lower part of the stomach called *antrum.* He was surprised to find that bacteria could survive in such harsh, acidic conditions of the stomach. Warren and Marshall together irrefutably confirmed through a study of several biopsies that the bacterium, which they named *Helicobacter pylori,* caused inflammation in the stomach, gastric ulcer or duodenal ulcer. They also showed that patients could be cured from such ulcers ony when the bacteria were eradicated by treatment with antibiotics.

RISKS FOR THE SAKE OF SCIENCE

In 1982 when Warren and Marshall announced their discovery, the world of scientists refused to believe it. So, Dr. Warren took the risk of deliberately swallowing a solution containing the bacteria species. He developed symptoms of gastritis in his stomach within a week. He was cured by treatment with antibiotics which destroyed the particular bacteria.

QUOTES FROM PASTEUR

- "Do not put forward anything that you cannot prove by experimentation."
- "When I think about a disease, I never think of finding a remedy; instead I search for means to prevent it."

SCIENCE QUIZ



1. Which is the only snake in the world that builds a nest?
   a. Anaconda; b. Python;
   c. King Cobra; d. Russel's Viper.
2. What is known as the study of butterflies and moths?
   a. oncology; b. ornithology;
   c. lepidopterology; d. gerontology.
3. Which animal is called the sea cow because it grazes on sea grasses?
   a. walrus; b. porpoise; c. otter; d. dugong.
4. Who gave the name 'Pacific' to the world's largest ocean?
   a. Columbus; b. Amundsen;
   c. Ferdinand Magellan; e. Cook.

Answer: 1. King Cobra, 2.c. lepidopterology, 3. d. dugong, 4. c.Ferdinand Magellan.



FROM HIMACHAL PRADESH

WHEN WILL SPRING ARRIVE?

The lake Chandra Tal lay in a valley beside Kunzam La, the pass linking Lahaul with the Spiti river. In winter, the lake would have a frozen top. When summer came, the mountain slopes looked beautiful with thick green grass. The reflection of the snowcapped peaks on the waters of Chandra Tal made a lovely sight, inviting shepherds from the nearby villages who would come with their flocks of sheep. The animals seldom wanted to go back from the grazing ground, so most shepherds stayed back till the first signs of winter.



Nima belonged to Hansey, a village nearest to Chandra Tal. He lived with his brother and wife, Dolma, who was a shew of a woman. In winter, when young Nima remained at home, she would give him all kinds of chores, like chopping wood and fetching water. The woman had a sharp tongue and she nagged him from morning till night which fortunately came sooner in winter and Nima could rest his limbs. Dolma would tell him, "You get a wife for yourself to help you and help me, and you can have all the rest you want."

Nima always waited for summer, for, that was the time when his main chore was to take the sheep to the grazing ground on the green slopes of the mountains. He took the sheep along, carrying the rations that Dolma gave him. The sheep loved to walk up the hills and frolick themselves when their feet touched the green grass. Nima would leave the animals to themselves and get busy in tidying up one of the caves, putting away his rations in a safe corner, and building a penn for the sheep when they returned before it became dark. Once all this is done, he stretched himself on the dry leaves in front of the cave, lazily watching the clouds over the Mulkila mountain, sometimes hiding behind the peaks and at other times coming out casting shadows on the mountain slopes. He had all the time before him. By evening, he joined the sheep, calling them back to the penn he would have left open for them to enter in a line, so that he could count them and make sure that all the sheep were inside. He then ate his meal and lay down dreaming of the fairy of Chandra Tal about whom people talked much.

It was a full moon night. Nima was sitting by the fireside not far away from the lake. He was not sleepy

and not thinking of anything as he was fascinated by the reflection of the moon on the placid waters of Chandra Tal. Was it his imagination, he wondered, but he was certain that he did hear a woman's voice. He turned round and saw a beautiful young woman, dressed in a fine white frock. She was standing near the edge of the lake.

As she slowly approached Nima, she was saying in a voice slightly louder than a whisper, "I'm not an illusion. I'm the Chandra Tal fairy. I've been watching you for several days and I wished to befriend you. What's your name? You're a handsome boy; a more handsome person I haven't seen near the lake or in the valley."

"I'm Nima from Hansey," he introduced himself. "I come here with my sheep in summer. I've heard a lot about the Chandra Tal fairy, though nobody seems to have ever seen her." He put out a big smile.

"Nima, whenever you come here, it is spring for me, and when you go away, it is winter," said the fairy endearingly. "Looking at you lying asleep always gave me joy. You know, I can come out of the lake only at night, and today I found you are awake. And I've taken courage to come to you. Will you go with me, Nima?" the fairy said with great affection. "I shall be your maid."

Nima stood there speechless. The fairy unhesitatingly caught hold of his hand and began walking towards the lake. She stepped into the lake, and lo and behold, as she was holding his hand, Nima was able to glide along the surface of the water! When they reached the middle of the lake, the fairy took out a magic wand which she waved up and down. The water parted to reveal steps by which they both climbed down and stepped into a beautiful palace. The walls were studded with diamonds which twinkled like stars in a dark night. The floor glittered as if it was paved with golden plates. Hundreds of fairies emerged from all over the palace to lead them to the inner rooms.

Nima guessed that the fairy who took him to the lake must be the queen. The other fairies helped him to put on silken robes over which the fairies sprinkled sweet-smelling perfume. They now brought delicious fruits and



a sweet drink in golden glasses on golden trays for the fairy queen and Nima. A fan was put into her hands. It was made of butterfly wings. As she fanned him, Nima soon fell asleep. At the crack of dawn he woke up and the fairy queen brought him back to the lake and left him at the edge of Chandra Tal, promising to meet him again at night. Nima hurried to let out his sheep from the penn.

The fairy queen met Nima every night and took him to her palace and brought him back the next morning. During the day, he found time to recall his visits to the fairyland. As the summer days passed, one thought began to worry him. What would happen when winter came?

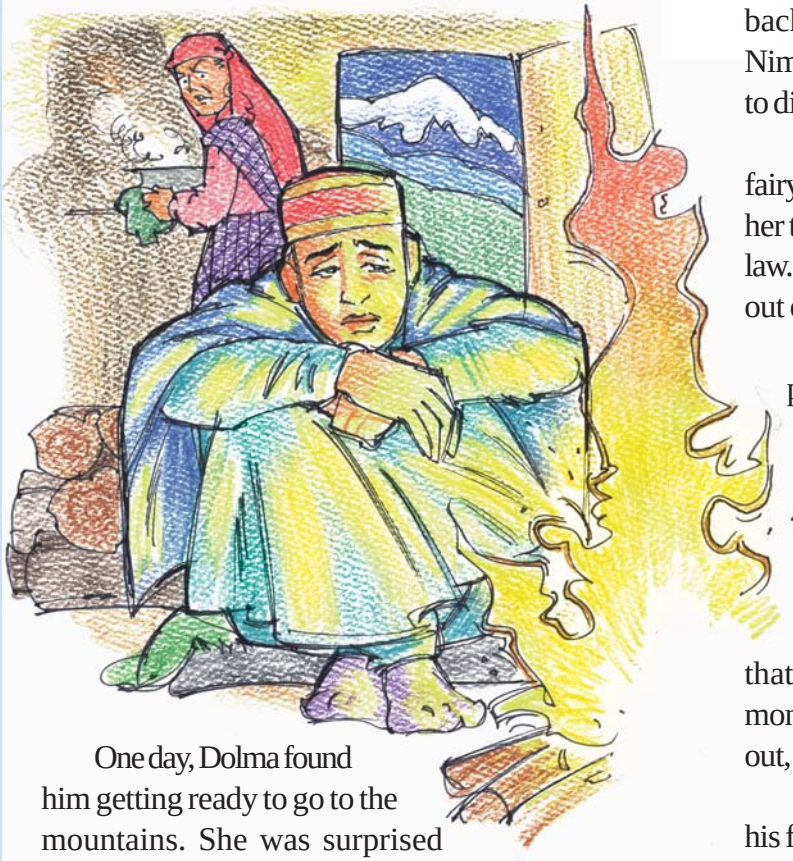
One day, he experienced cold winds, there was frost on the ground, and by evening the lake lay frozen. That night he told the fairy queen that he would have to take his sheep back to the valley. Unless he took them back, the sheep might not survive.

The fairy queen was sad. She pleaded, "Nima, you should promise that you will come back when flowers begin to blossom in spring and the grass on the mountain slopes will turn green. I shall wait for you all through the

long winter. Also promise that you will never speak about our meetings to anyone."

Nima promised. As the fairy queen left him at the edge of the lake, he lingered till she glided to the centre of the lake. The next moment she was gone! He heaved a heavy sigh and went back to his sheep. He let them out and took his long staff to guide them back to the village.

That winter, Dolma found her young brother-in-law spending more time to himself. Sometimes, he took a long time to answer her call or give a reply. Fortunately, she desisted from pestering him with many chores. Winter was not yet over, but every morning, Nima would come out and gaze at the horizon. The sun was late in coming out of the peaks; the grass was still brown, and the trees were barren–no flowers had blossomed as yet.



One day, Dolma found him getting ready to go to the mountains. She was surprised when he asked her for his rations. "Nima! It's not yet summer. There is deep snow still, and the sheep will die. It may be another week or a fortnight before the snow starts melting."

He did not reply her for sometime. Dolma thought she should not leave him to his thoughts. She called him, "Nima, come here and chop some wood for me."

Nima did not move from the fireside. He was still in deep thought. "Nima!" It was almost a shout from Dolma. "Who do you think you are? The spirit of Spiti? And you expect me to bring hot soup to his majesty in a golden glass?"

Nima had never before remonstrated to his sister-in-law. But today he was angry with her. "Soup, you call it? It's like the witches' brew. Even a yak would turn its face. Pah!"

Dolma felt like having been stung by something sharp. "So, you don't like the food I give you! The way you talk it seems the fairy of Chandra Tal is giving you drinks in golden glasses! Sshh!"

"That's what has happened all through last summer! She would come and fetch me every night and bring me back in the morning. What do you know?" Suddenly Nima remembered the fairy queen's warning to him not to disclose their meetings to anyone.

"So, that's it! Then, why don't you go back to the fairy?" Dolma blurted out, though a moment later she bit her tongue as she felt she was harsh with her brother-in-law. Before she knew what was happening, Nima walked out of their home and did not turn back.

Nima went straight to the nearby monastery and prayed. He prayed for an early arrival of summer. After sometime he went back home and started chopping wood. The sound brought Dolma out and she merely smiled.

Every morning, Nima came out, strained his eyes to find out whether he could see some green on the mountain slopes. He readily attended to any chore that Dolma might give, and then would run to the monastery where he would sit in the prayer hall and cry out, "Tell me, O Lord! When will spring arrive?"

At last when spring came, he found himself leading his flock to Mulkila. He cleared the cave, bult a penn for the sheep, and at night sat at the edge of the lake waiting for the fairy queen. She never came. He did not see her for a full week. Was she angry with him?

After some days, he became restless. "If she wouldn't come, why shouldn't I go to her?" Nima entered the lake and walked; he did not reach the centre. He was not seen afterwards.

KALEIDOSCOPE

WISE OLD FURRY

In a dense forest once upon a time, the king was called Sher Khan. He was a rude king. But since he had to rule the forest, he could not kill the animals of his own kingdom. He went to the next jungle to hunt animals.

One day, he met Furry the squirrel. She was singing her favourite song:

"I'll go to the market
To buy some chocolates
The ones I like the most,
I'll hide them from the ghost."



Sher Khan asked Furry why she was so happy. She said, "I've got my nuts for winter. You, too, better start looking for your food for winter. Winter is starting soon and none of the animals will get out of their homes in winter."

Sher Khan laughed. "It may be difficult for you to get food in winter, but it is not so for me." Furry tried to explain to him, but he ignored he advice. So, Furry went on with her song.

Soon winter came. The snow started falling all over and it was too cold to get out.

Sher Khan grew weaker and weaker day by day because he didn't have any food. He thought he would go to Furry, who lived just opposite his cave, to get some nuts. But he was too weak even to walk. Furry saw Sher Khan suffering. She quickly put her coat on, took a shawl and some nuts and ran to Sher Khan's cave. She covered his body with the shawl and gave him the nuts to eat. Sher Khan had learnt his lesson. He made Furry his minister. He always took her advice.

Moral : Early bird catches the worm.

-Anuja (12), Kerteh, Malaysia





MY ONLY ONE

The one who is in my heart
And is more beautiful than a queen
Like the flowers in the garden
And is very kind to me.

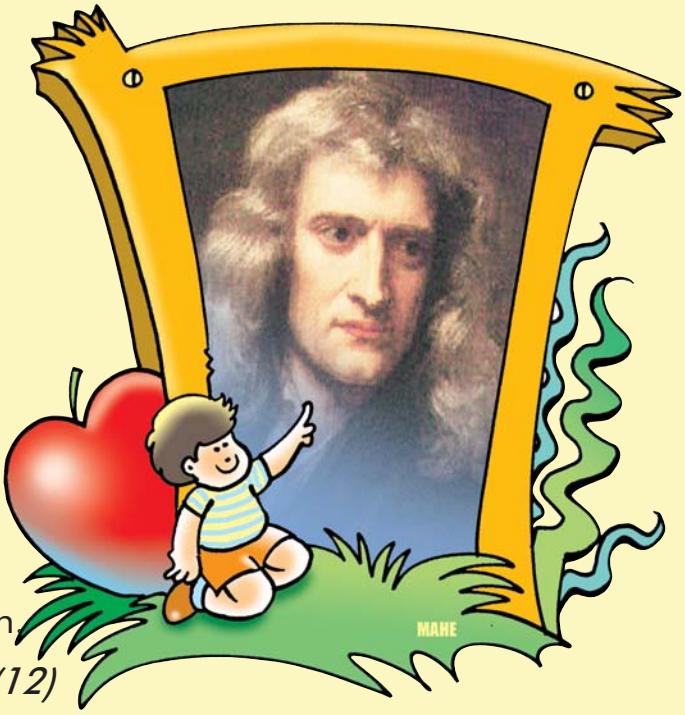
She is the only one
Who anytime will be with me
She is my best guide and my best friend
More helpful than a queen.

Who is she? Wouldn't you guess?
Yes, of course no one else
Than my mother the best.

- Ashlesha Vaze (12)

ISAAC NEWTON

Isaac Newton was a great man,
He thought things that we never can.
He was an extraordinary person,
Who discovered the laws of motion.
When the apple fell on him,
He thought not thinking about it was a sin.
So he thought of it like a powerful
medical dose,
And discovered the Gravitational force.
He made the world more modern,
For which I rate him more than the golden.
Isaac Newton was a great man,
It is very tough to match if you think you can.



- Shikhar Mundra (12)



A company manager was ringing up a customer's house. His son picked up the phone: "Yes?"

Manager : Can I talk to your father?

Customer's son : He's busy outside.

Manager : Can I talk to your mother?

Son : She, too, is very busy.

Manager : Who else is there?

Son : My sister, but she, too, is busy.

Manager : What the hell are they doing outside?

Son : They are playing hide-and-seek trying to find me.

- Nischal M. (14), Alike

Shopkeeper : Shall I cut this cake into six pieces or eight pieces?



Fat lady : Cut it into four pieces, I'm dieting.

****

Ram : I read so much about the ill-effects of smoking that I gave it up.



Shyam : Good. I'm glad you gave up smoking.

Ram : Don't be silly, I gave up reading.

-Prajuval D.P. (14), Alike

Teacher : Tell me, what is meant by "cyclone"?



Student : The loan given for buying a cycle.

-B. Shiva Ravali (13), Hyderabad



A beggar was on the street and begging. A gentleman came that way and remarked contemptuously, "Aren't you ashamed to beg standing on the road?"

The beggar retorted, "Do you expect me to sit in an office and beg?"

-S.S. Bhaskar Varma, Jaggayyapet

Nurse : There's a man outside with a wooden leg named Smith.



Doctor : What's the name of his other leg?

****



Customer : How is this 'Gold Soup' made?

Waiter : We add 24 carrots.

-Basappa (15), Alike

MATHEMATICS CROSSWORD

Whichever side you count should total 45. Only numbers 1 to 9 should be used.

3	7		5		1				45
	1	5	7			3			
					3		5	7	
7		3		1		5			
			3	5			7		
5				7				3	
		7		3	5			1	
1	5				7		3		
	3		1			7		5	
45									

-S. Sheik Mehaidan (13), Coimbatore.



1. I give milk, but I'm not a cow,
I live on trees, but I'm not a bird,
I've three eyes, but I'm not Lord Siva.
Who am I?

-S.S. Bhaskar Varma, Jaggayyapet

2. If you have it, you don't want to share it; if you share it, you don't have it. What is it?

3. What is useful only if it is broken?

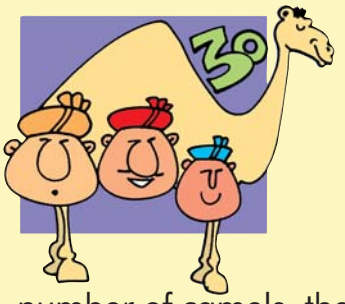
-C. Yashwant (8), Sullurpeta

4. What is strange when you lock the piano?

5. What will the last man on the earth do?

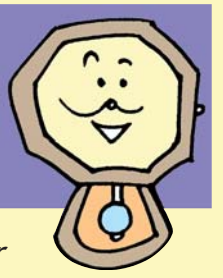
-K. Ravi Shankara Bhat (14), Bantwal

PUZZLES



1. A farmer has 30 camels. On his deathbed, he wanted his eldest son to take two-thirds of the number of camels, the second son two-fifths, and the third son the remaining ones. How many animals did each son get?

2. At what angle are the arms of a clock when the time is 6 o'clock?



- G.S. Anush (11), Sohar

ANSWERS

MATHEMATICS CROSSWORD:

3	7	6	5	8	1	9	4	2	45
9	1	5	7	4	2	3	6	8	
8	2	4	6	9	3	1	5	7	
7	9	3	2	1	6	5	8	4	
6	8	1	3	5	4	2	7	9	
5	4	2	9	7	8	6	1	3	
2	6	7	4	3	5	8	9	1	
1	5	9	8	2	7	4	3	6	
4	3	8	1	6	9	7	2	5	
									45

RIDDLES:

1. Coconut, 2. Secret, 3. Egg, 4. The keys are inside, 5. Stop waiting for a phone call.

PUZZLES:

1. Eldest son : 20, second son : 6, youngest son : 4. 2. 180 degrees.



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The story so far: After convincing two G-men and G-woman from the other universes to help him fight Terrolene and his army of killer machines, G-man goes back to earth to await the arrival of his friends.





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What does Terrolene have in store that doesn't alarm him about the combined powers of G-man and his friends. Will they manage to save the planet? Will G-man's elaborate ruse work after all? Find out in next and final issue of the Andromania series.

GARUDA THE INVINCIBLE 1

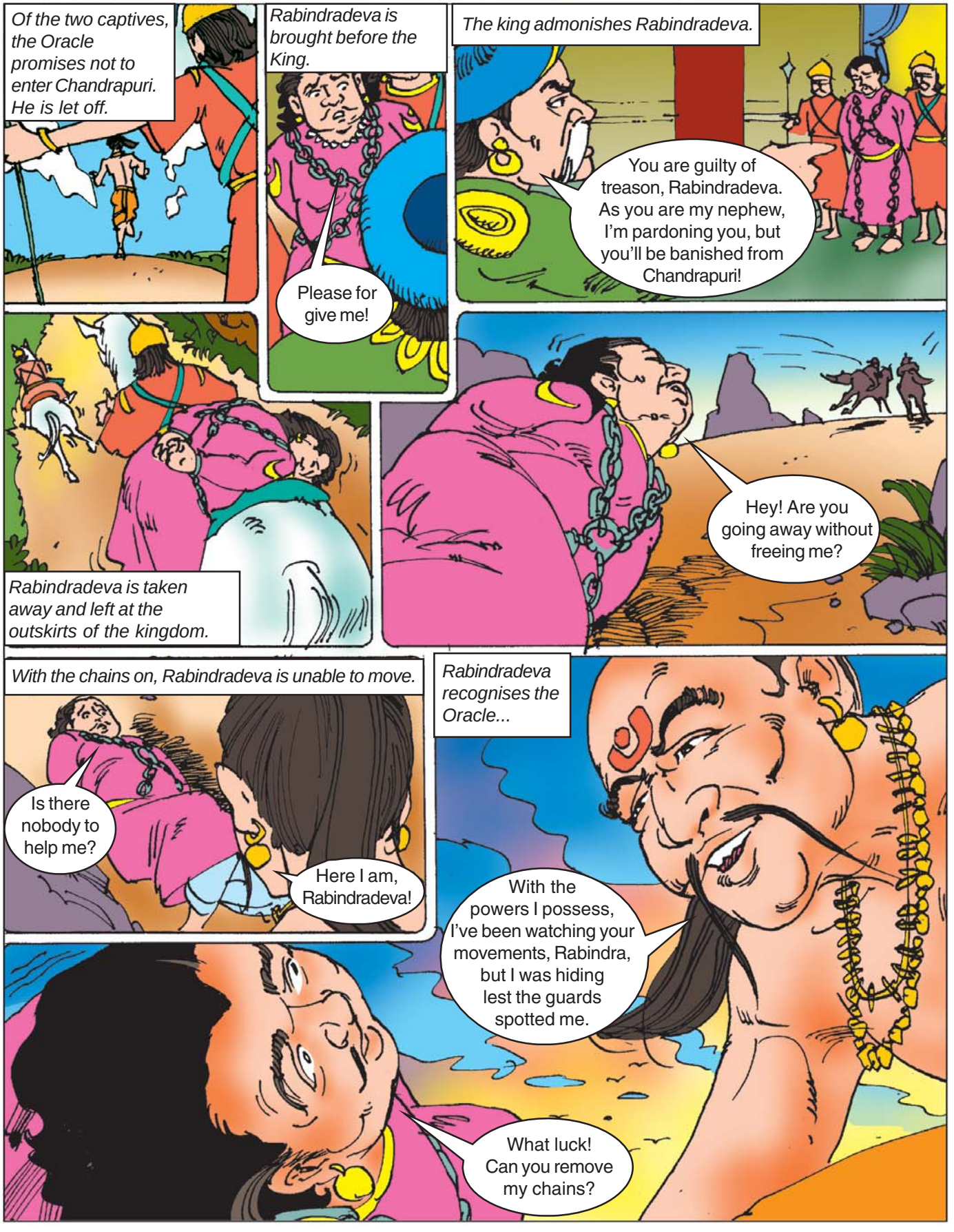
Art : Gandhi Ayya

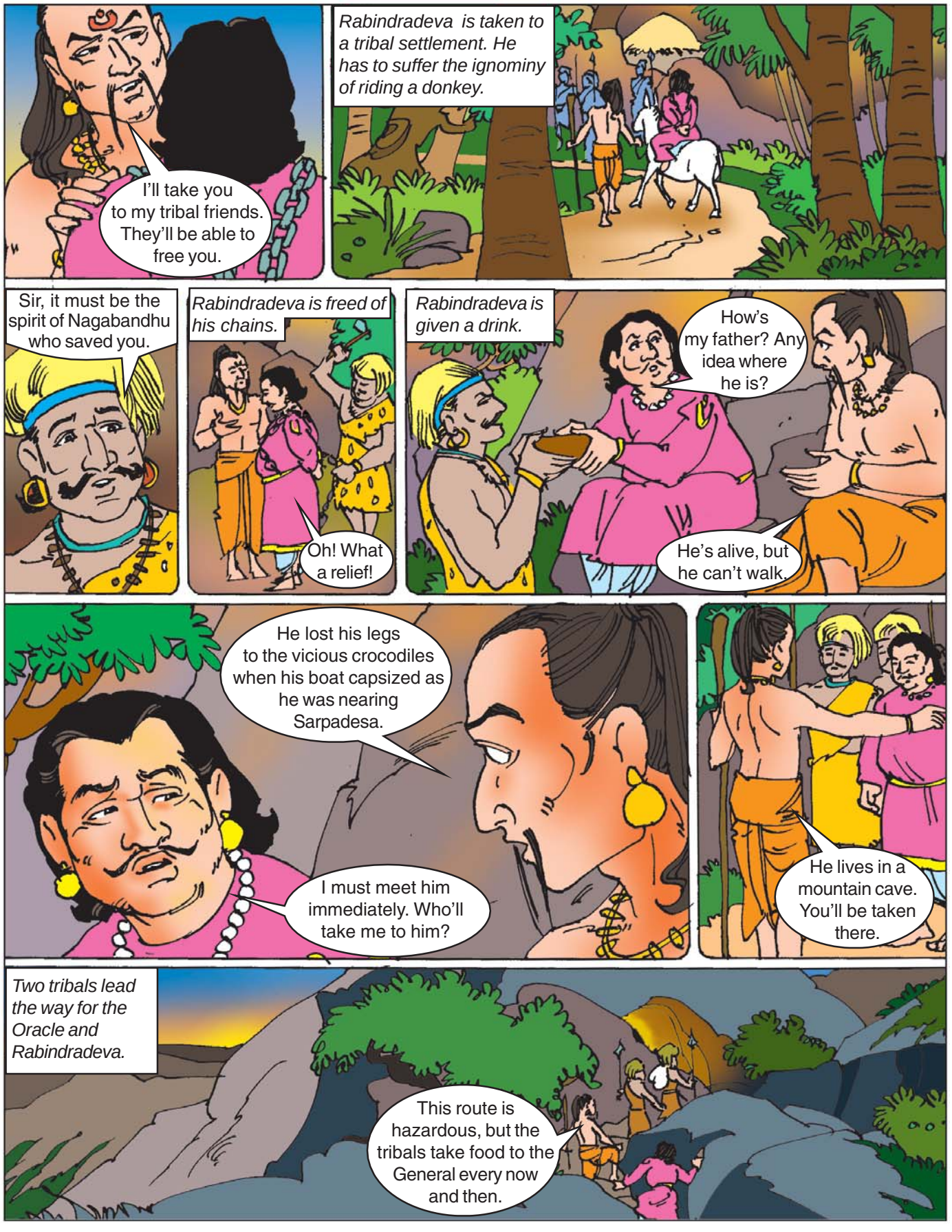
King Mahendradeva of Chandrapuri announces that Aditya, son of the former Prime Minister, will succeed him. Being childless, he has adopted Aruna as his daughter, and wishes that Aditya takes her as his wife.

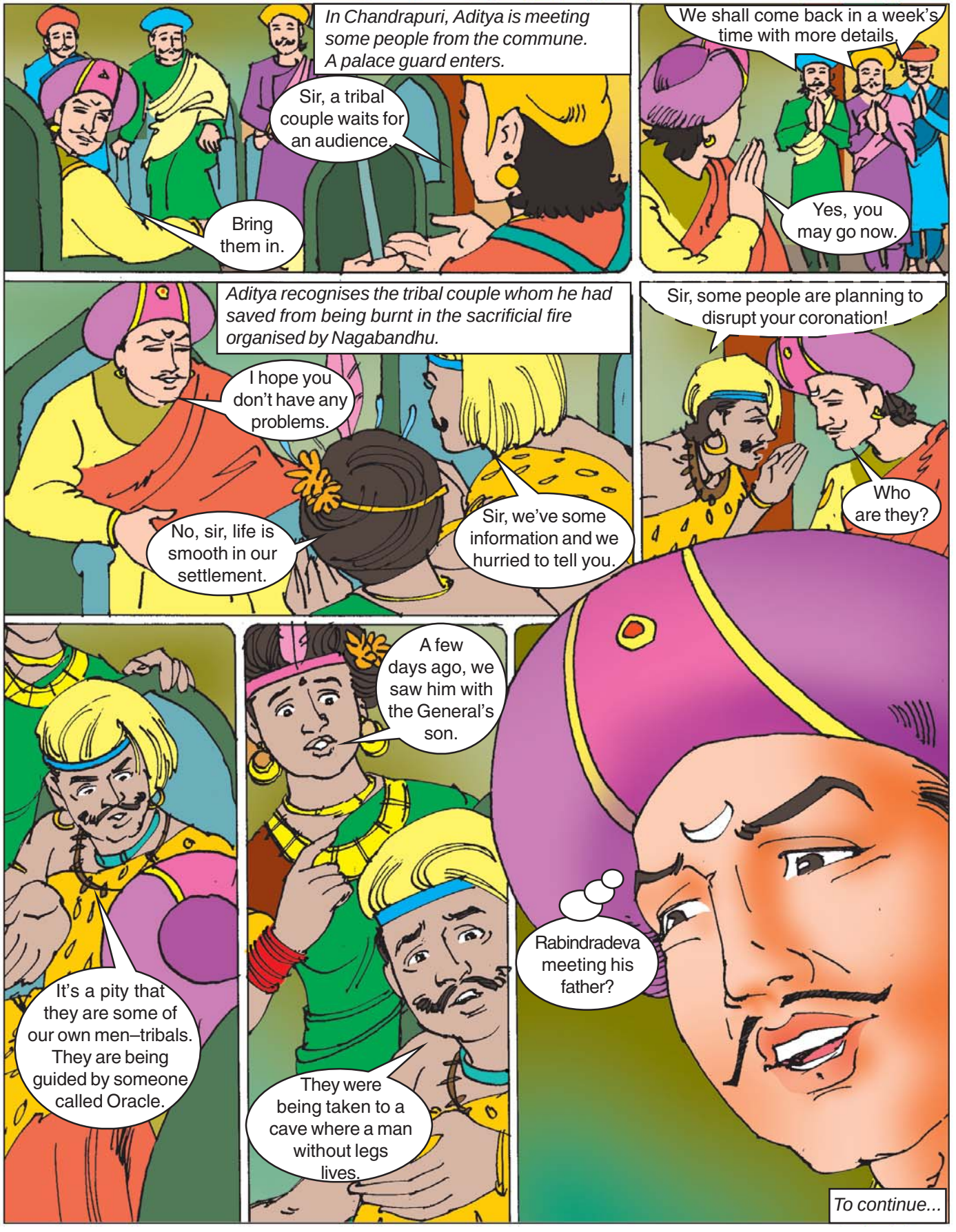
All this happens after Aditya, with the help of his family deity Garuda, victoriously returns from Sarpadesa where the Tantrik, Nagabandhu, meets with a fiery end and his cave temple crumbles down. The perpetrators of evil, the Oracle and Rabindradeva, are taken captive by Aditya's soldiers. The army general Narendradeva, who has been ambitious that his son, Rabindradeva, succeeded Mahendradeva, is mauled by crocodiles while he rushes to save his son and loses both his legs.

Peace returns to Chandrapuri which had seen a glorious rule by the Chandravamsa dynasty. Many in the kingdom, however, are unaware that forces are again at work to create anarchy. Who are the *dramatis personnae* of the conspiracy, whether Aditya will prove himself invincible once again, will be revealed in the episodes that follow.




Of the two captives, the Oracle promises not to enter Chandrapuri. He is let off.
Rabindradeva is brought before the King.
Please for give me!
The king admonishes Rabindradeva.
You are guilty of treason, Rabindradeva. As you are my nephew, I'm pardoning you, but you'll be banished from Chandrapuri!
Rabindradeva is taken away and left at the outskirts of the kingdom.
Hey! Are you going away without freeing me?
With the chains on, Rabindradeva is unable to move.
Is there nobody to help me?
Here I am, Rabindradeva!
Rabindradeva recognises the Oracle...
With the powers I possess, I've been watching your movements, Rabindra, but I was hiding lest the guards spotted me.
What luck! Can you remove my chains?


I'll take you to my tribal friends. They'll be able to free you.
Rabindradeva is taken to a tribal settlement. He has to suffer the ignominy of riding a donkey.
Sir, it must be the spirit of Nagabandhu who saved you.
Rabindradeva is freed of his chains.
Oh! What a relief!
Rabindradeva is given a drink.
How's my father? Any idea where he is?
He's alive, but he can't walk.
He lost his legs to the vicious crocodiles when his boat capsized as he was nearing Sarpadesa.
I must meet him immediately. Who'll take me to him?
He lives in a mountain cave. You'll be taken there.
Two tribals lead the way for the Oracle and Rabindradeva.
This route is hazardous, but the tribals take food to the General every now and then.


In Chandrapuri, Aditya is meeting some people from the commune. A palace guard enters.
Sir, a tribal couple waits for an audience.
Bring them in.
We shall come back in a week's time with more details.
Yes, you may go now.
Aditya recognises the tribal couple whom he had saved from being burnt in the sacrificial fire organised by Nagabandhu.
I hope you don't have any problems.
No, sir, life is smooth in our settlement.
Sir, we've some information and we hurried to tell you.
Sir, some people are planning to disrupt your coronation!
Who are they?
A few days ago, we saw him with the General's son.
They were being taken to a cave where a man without legs lives.
It's a pity that they are some of our own men–tribals. They are being guided by someone called Oracle.
Rabindradeva meeting his father?
To continue...

Anecdotes
FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT (1)

VIVEKANANDA AND THE FEROCIOUS BEASTS

Swami Vivekananda (1862 – 1902) was the most famous among the disciples of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa. He took up as his mission the task of awakening India to its own unique spiritual heritage. His stirring speech at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago (1893) made the Western world realise the greatness of Indian wisdom.



After the passing away of his Master, Sri Ramakrishna, the young Vivekananda took to wandering across India to carry the message of his Master to the people. One day, he was walking along a lonely path near Varanasi, when a troop of monkeys, quite aggressive, rushed towards him from behind. Vivekananda took to his heels. But could he give the slip to the swift monkeys? The distance between him and the monkeys was becoming narrower and narrower and he was getting rather panicky. Suddenly he heard a voice of exhortation. A Sadhu or a holy man seated beside the road called out to him: "Don't run away. Face the brutes!"

Vivekananda stopped at once. He turned and dared the monkeys to come near him. Taken aback, the monkeys stopped. As Vivekananda stared at them, they slowly dispersed.

Later, recounting the incident before an audience in New York, Swami Vivekananda said to this effect: "That was indeed a great lesson; face the danger, face it boldly. Like the monkeys, the problems stop harassing us when we stop escaping from them. If we have to find liberation, we have to conquer our nature. We have to face fear and troubles and ignorance boldly, for cowards never achieve anything."

Vivekananda was not only brave, but a master of his own nature. To be more precise, he had no fear of anything. Though he was quite sure of a bright future for India, once in a while the condition of the country, the selfishness of the people, pained him so much that he felt quite dejected. One day, in such a mood, he entered a forest. He roamed in the wilderness the whole day, without finding anything to eat. Temporarily he had lost the zeal to live. The sun set and he lay down under a tree, tired. Darkness



was enveloping the forest. Suddenly what should he see but a tiger lurking in a bush? Before long it came out and advanced towards him.

What do you think was Vivekananda's reaction? Was he scared? Did he swiftly climb the tree? No. He lay perfectly calm and unperturbed. 'Well, I can at least be a good dinner for the beast!' he thought and waited for the last moments of his life.

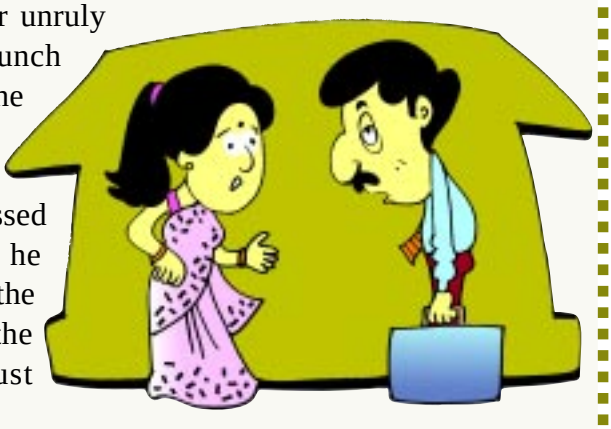
Strangely, the beast looked at him for a moment and slowly moved away. Even then Vivekananda did not get up. Probably the beast would reappear when it feels a bit deeper appetite and probably with its family – he thought. He quietly passed the whole night there. The tiger never came back.

Mystics say that when you do not have an iota of fear in you, the cause of fear disappears.

(M.D.)

THE ONE EXCEPTION

Shyam led a difficult life. He had to leave home at 7 every morning to make the two-hour long commute to his office in the city, and return late in the evening, tired to the very bone. Things were not made any easier by the fact that he had four unruly children, and his wife, Jaya, would be waiting to launch into a spirited report of their latest acts of mischief the moment he stepped over the threshold.



One evening, Shyam thought he'd had enough. The day had been a particularly gruelling one; he missed his regular train. The next train was jam-packed and he had to travel strap-hanging all the way. To top it all, the train was delayed by half an hour at a crossing. By the time he reached home, he was so weary that he just wanted to drop into bed – even food could wait!

As soon as he entered, he saw that his hopes were belied, for there was Jaya looking as if she were bursting with news, of the unwelcome kind. Before she could open her mouth, he blurted out, "Jaya, please! I've had a very bad day, and I'm dead tired. If you've any bad news, I simply can't hear it now. So, if you have any good news, tell me!"

Jaya looked at him with a queer expression.

"So you want good news, do you?" she asked quietly. "All right. You will surely be delighted to hear that of our four children, three have not broken their legs."

CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-1

AN ALL-CORRECT ENTRY WILL FETCH A CASH PRIZE OF RS 250*

From the new year, we give you an interesting quiz. All the clues are based on the content–stories, features, trivia–that had appeared in your favourite magazine from January to December 2005. All those avid readers of *Chandamama* may easily recollect the content; those who have preserved the copies–bound or unbound – will sure run to their bookshelf, you know for what! Be that as it may, all participants will find this quiz great fun.

*** If there are more than one all-correct entries, the prize money will be equally divided.**

What you should do: 1. Write down the answers; 2. Mention your name, age (you should be below 16), full postal address with PIN Code; 3. Mention your subscriber number, if you are a subscriber; 4. Write on the envelope **CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-1** with complete address; 5. Mail your entry to reach us by January 31, 2006; 6. The results will be published in the March issue.

1. **A well-known monument in India celebrated its 350th year in 2005. Which is that monument?**
2. **Painting 'miniatures" is an art that came to India from elsewhere. When was it brought to India? By whom?**
3. **Who was the founder of the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore? Who inspired him to start that institution?**
4. **In which country is Tomorrowland? What is its speciality?**
5. **He was a normal child till he was 11. Then he began to grow, and grow! He is now cursing his height. Who is he? What is his height?**
6. **A well-known theory in Physics was announced to the world a hundred years ago. What is that theory? Who propounded it?**
7. **On June 2, 2005, four women of India created history. What was it? Who are the women?**
8. **"No wonder, when Kelara succeeded to his father's throne, he made the cock the symbol of his kingdom." Which was this kingdom?**
9. **"The beast has left its lair" – a headline in a French newspaper dated March 9, 1815. Who or what is referred to here?**

10. In which story has this illustration appeared?



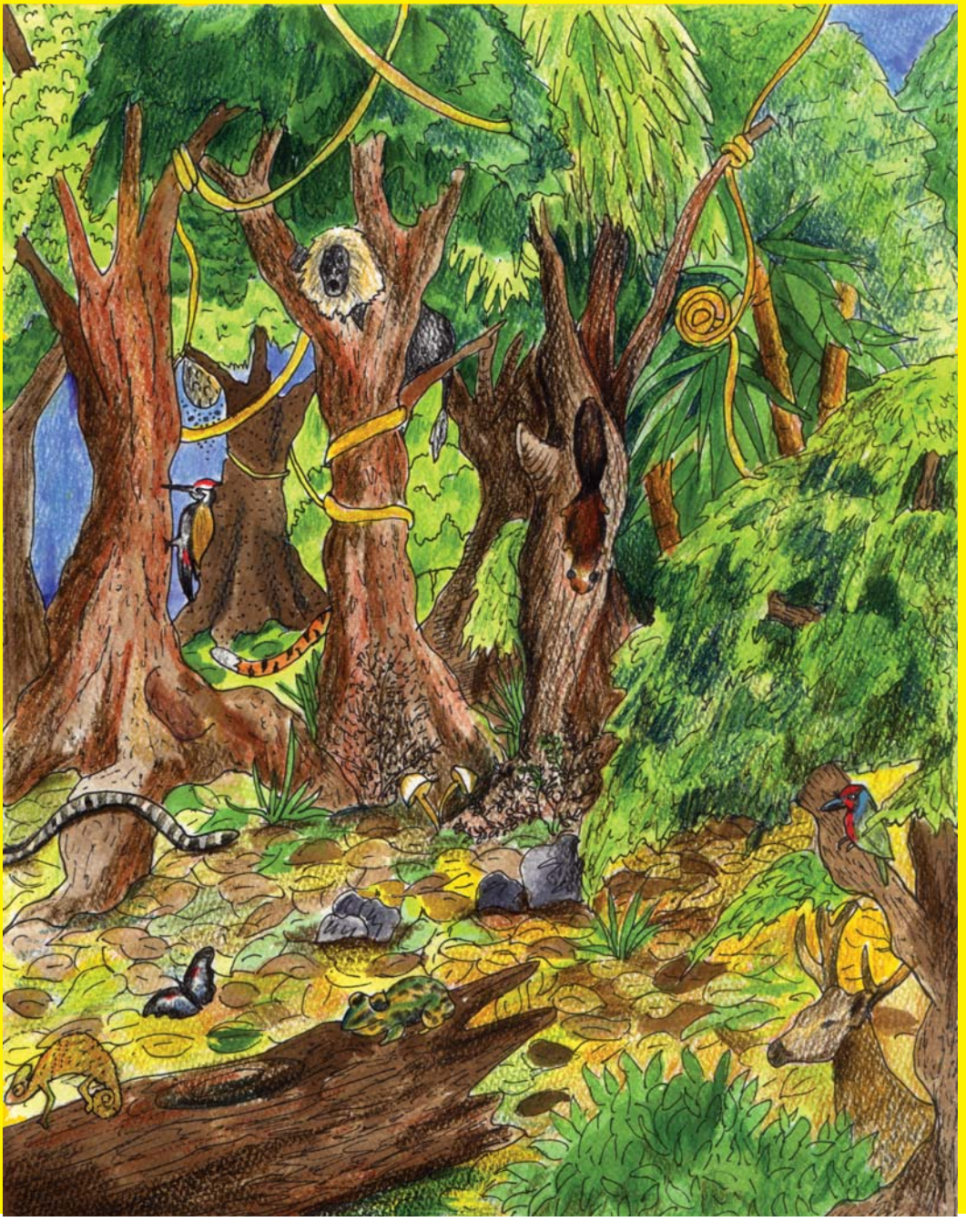
Fun with phiya



"Wheeeeeee! This nature's swing is great fun! We don't have such woody climbers in Ladakh. I always thought that all forests were the same (trees, more trees, and still more trees) until my friend Woodooe the woodpecker asked me to come on a forest journey with her.

Our first stop, in Rajasthan, was a total surprise! Walking through the **thorn forests**, I realized that forests could be very

Look at the illustration of an evergreen forest below. Can you spot eleven creatures, and name them?



Kids, try your hand at the word scramble puzzle below. Rearrange the letters below to make a word that belongs to the forest ecosystem. A clue has been given to help you guess the word.

TAALS OMTH
The largest of its kind, map of the world on its wings you find.

IEPN
We are commonly seen coniferous trees, we have cones and needle-shaped leaves.

HRNOILLB
With a horn on my beak, fruits and large, old trees I seek.

UROMHSOM
I grow on the forest floor, some of my kind are edible but some are deadly poisonous.

DSNLAA OWOD
Temples in the South use my paste, my fragrance you can't miss even in haste.

BOABOM
I'm as tall as a tree but a kind of grass, I can be woven into mats or baskets for flowers.

Courtesy: Kalpavriksh Environment Action Group
Email: kalpavriksh@vsnl.net

open, with a few small trees amidst lots of grass and bushes. Woodooe did not let me explore these, because she could get hardly any thick trunks to peck on! She whisked me down to central India to the **deciduous forests**, where the leaf-less trees looked like they'd taken their clothes off! Woodooe explained that they do this in the dry season, to avoid losing too much moisture. So imagine my confusion when we journeyed to Kerala and Arunachal Pradesh, where the forests are all lush green with ferns, lichens, climbers and trees! Woodooe revealed that they are **evergreen forests,** growing in very rainy areas, with moisture through the year. I was bewildered by the diversity of forests, but was in for a greater surprise when we went to the coasts of West Bengal and encountered **mangrove forests**. Growing in saltwater, they have special roots that help them to breathe. Finally, on our way home, we visited the **coniferous forests** of the Himalayas, so called because the trees bear cone-shaped fruits. I nearly slipped on the needle-like leaves that had fallen down!





Make thumb print animals. Dip your thumb into paint or ink and make a thumbprint on paper. Add a few lines to make it into any animal. Here are a few examples. Have fun!









Answers on page 64

(This series concluded)

Oops! I must hurry home to Ladakh now. Winter is setting in there, and it's time to hibernate. Goodbye kids…. hope you've enjoyed the travel as much as I did.



ADVENTURE & EXPLORATION

THE DOOM AT DAWN

"We must strike at the German-held harbour of St. Nazaire!" exclaimed Robert Ryder of the British Allied Forces.

"Yes, strike we must! It would be a fatal blow to the enemy operations if the dock could be completely put out of service," added Lieutenant Commander Sam Beattie, as Lt. Colonel Charles Newman and the other officers nodded in consent. The new challenge must be squarely faced.

During the Second World War, the dry dock of St. Nazaire in Normandy, France, was the only seaboard facility large enough to shelter the giant German battleship *Tirpitz* for servicing and essential repairs. The British wanted to stop it from entering the Atlantic Ocean towards their bases. For, they had already learnt bitter lessons from the events involving its sister ships, the *Bismark* and *Scharnhorst*. These monster vessels, weighing around 42,000 tons, posed a formidable threat to the Allied Forces.

Can the British Combined Operations outsmart the sly Germans and destroy this heavily guarded French port? The task did seem impossible, demanding great feats of strategy and guts.

So, a plan was chalked out in an amazingly short span of time. The mission devised was code-named Operation Chariot. At nightfall on 28th March 1942, the destroyer H.M.S. *Campbeltown*, whose motto was "Victory through Strength", followed by sixteen launches and led by three other vessels, motor torpedo and gunboats forming the arrowhead, slowly pressed towards the harbour of St. Nazaire. Suddenly a bright beam of light flashed in the darkness and the entire cavalry of the ship and the boats stood out in the glare. At once Bofors guns from the dock opened fire. Were they discovered? Was the game up?

Commander Ryder, who led the naval side of the operation, ordered his signal officer to flash a message in German. "Proceeding up harbour in accordance with orders," it said. The guns stopped their thunder. The Germans were fooled for some precious moments. The H.M.S. *Campbeltown,* which raced ahead, had been in fact disguised to look like an enemy destroyer. The dark cross of the German flag fluttered from her mast. The Germans took the approaching vessels to be their own and could never imagine that the British would dare sail straight into their heavily guarded port.

But to their amazement the boats continued to cut through the water towards them at great speed. Now some misgivings arose in them. Are they being really fooled and taken for a ride? For no German



vessel would act in this way after being shot at by their men. They at last realised that they were indeed being attacked by the enemy, the British. Immediately from every corner of the harbour guns cut loose to spit out fire and volleys of bullets into the dark night sky.

"Get ready for battle!" ordered Lt. Commander Sam Beattie in a cool clear voice. The German flag came down from the mast of destroyer *Campbeltown* and up went the ensign of the combined British Forces. There ensued the fiercest exchange of fire under the glare of the searchlights. The sky lit up and the sea was ablaze with the fury of the conflict. No man who survived the night ever forgot this magnificent scene of battle.

Yet the daring Operation Chariot proceeded in perfect formation towards its goal – the impenetrable French dock occupied by the Germans. Suddenly the helmsman of the *Campbeltown* fell dead with a bullet through his chest. At once another brave soldier took his place. He, too, succumbed to a second shot and another man leapt to the steering wheel. Thus the ship forged ahead shuddering at the crash of the exploding shells.

The German searchlight suddenly revealed a lighthouse at the far end of the pier. It was naturally kept switched off to deceive the enemy. But it was the landmark that the British were so long looking for. It gave them the exact location of the entrance to the port.

"Quick! Double-up and head in that direction towards the port gates!" ordered Commander Charles Ryder in a cool quiet tone.

All on board prepared themselves for the final assault. Slowly the outline of the harbour loomed large in the darkness. The H.M.S. *Campbeltown* with its blazing guns rammed into the gates of the dock with such a tremendous impact that her strong bows, masts and all crumpled like paper. But the Germans were happy that the ship had just stuck at the gates unable to penetrate them. They would not be in a hurry now to remove the debris. Operation Chariot was moving according to plan.

What the enemy could never guess was that four and a half tons of high explosives were skilfully hidden in the H.M.S. *Campbeltown* turning her into a gigantic time-bomb. These explosives were set to detonate on delayed fuses, once the commandos had completed the operation and been withdrawn to safety. Already the acid was eating through the time-fuses and the ship was due to blow up in the next few hours.

Meanwhile, the commandos of Operation Chariot known as Charioteers quickly disembarked the giant time-bomb, H.M.S. *Campbeltown,* and set about their demolition spree. One after another they silenced the enemy guns as they were transported under heavy fire by the sixteen motor launches to land to destroy the port machinery. Finally Lieutenant Chant and his team reached the dock's pump house which was to be blown up. The four stalwart sergeants groped their way by torchlight down a deep stairway and were at last in front of the four great pumps which emptied the dry dock. They laid some explosives on the pump-joints and pulling the igniters dashed up the stairs. They had just reached the top and dived for cover when the charge went off with a great roar.

Satisfied with the havoc they had wrought, the



British Allied Forces now thought of returning to their base. But when they looked for the boats that were supposed to carry them home, a scene of fire and chaos met their eyes. Alas, most of their launches, which were to evacuate them, had either sunk or were burning furiously on the water.

But this did not dishearten them. They were all brave soldiers and men of steel.

"Shall we call it a day and surrender?" asked Colonel Newman seeking their opinion, though his instincts told him to fight on.

"Colonel, we will fight our way out as we had



fought our way in!" replied Major Copland and others in one voice.

So, now they had to fight their way out of the town and then out of it. For escape by sea was now impossible.

Through the town and across its square they fought their way and they fought valiantly indeed! Soon they came to a bridge. Beyond it smiled the green pastures and downs of France and beyond them lingered the sweet scent of freedom, the chance to reach neutral Spain from where they might be able to get back home. With amazing determination and strength they charged through the heavily guarded bridge brushing aside the hail of bullets. Many fell and died and several were wounded during this wild desperate onslaught. Yet they never gave up and merrily pushed their way forward.

But on the other side of the bridge they ran into the enemy's armoured vehicle with a solid reinforcement. There was no option left for them but to scatter away, helter-skelter. This German wall before them had dashed all their hopes of escape. Yet, some managed, but most of them were taken prisoners. In their hearts they were all pleased and happy, for each of them had carried out his bit perfectly well. Now with bated breath, they waited for the destroyer H.M.S. *Campbeltown* to blow up into flames. It may happen any moment now.

Some of the captured officers were thoroughly grilled and interrogated, but the Germans could get nothing useful out of them and thought the raid to be a miserable failure. One of them mockingly told Lt. Commander Sam Beattie with an air of arrogance: "What did you achieve compared to the scores of men you have lost? You fellows don't know how solid and sturdy are the dock and its gates. It was foolish of you trying to smash it with your rickety destroyer!"

At that very instant a thundering roar echoed through the early morning sky. The H.M.S. *Campbeltown* had blown up! The famous dry-dock of St. Nazaire now stood almost in ruins.

The German officer looked on in utter disbelief and bewilderment. Patting on his back, Lt. Commander Beattie quietly said with a smile, "Mister, don't you hear the deafening thunder and the roar? Well, they are your answer!"

Hundreds of Germans perished on board the *Campbeltown* when it exploded, for they did not know of the deadly danger that lurked below their feet. Of the 611 Allied men who took part in the heroic Operation Chariot, 169 gave up their lives, 215 were captured, while 227 safely returned home.

This is the story of one of the most thrilling adventures and "the greatest raid of all"! ***(A.K.D)***

Getting even with a Greedy shopkeeper



Mulla Nasruddin was standing close to the bushy growth that fenced in his house. He avoided touching the fence for fear of getting pricked by thorns. The fence flourished. No animal, foraging for food, ever dared come near the fence. Nasruddin chuckled to himself, when a strange train of thought hit him. He mumbled, a merry twinkle in his eyes, 'Pardon me, Allah! You may want me to be friendly to every living being. You may expect me to raise plants that animals would munch happily. You perhaps consider me a sinner because I raise thorny plants. But, then, have I not to protect my territory! How can I do that if animals merrily dine on the fence I raise? But then, are not thorny plants your creations, too? Don't they also need protection? So, if I act as their patron, does it mean that I am a sinner?

He was about to turn away from the fence and go inside his house when he heard someone calling out his name. He turned in the direction of the call and noticed an old friend, Vaziruddin, walking over to where he stood.

"Ah, my friend!" Nasruddin moved to the wicket gate that provided the only entrance to his house and held it wide open. Then he held the guest in a warm hug.

"Glad to see you, my friend," Nasruddin held him by the hand and led him to a small bench placed close to the main entrance of the house.

"The pleasure is mine," Vaziruddin replied politely. But his voice, usually bouncing and joyous, sounded a little wary and wearied. Nasruddin was quick to notice that. Vaziruddin for sure was not in his spirits. Something was worrying him.

"You seem to be upset. May I know what the cause of your unhappiness is?" Nasruddin asked.

"Well, a few days back, I bought a shawl from the shop run by Jalaluddin."

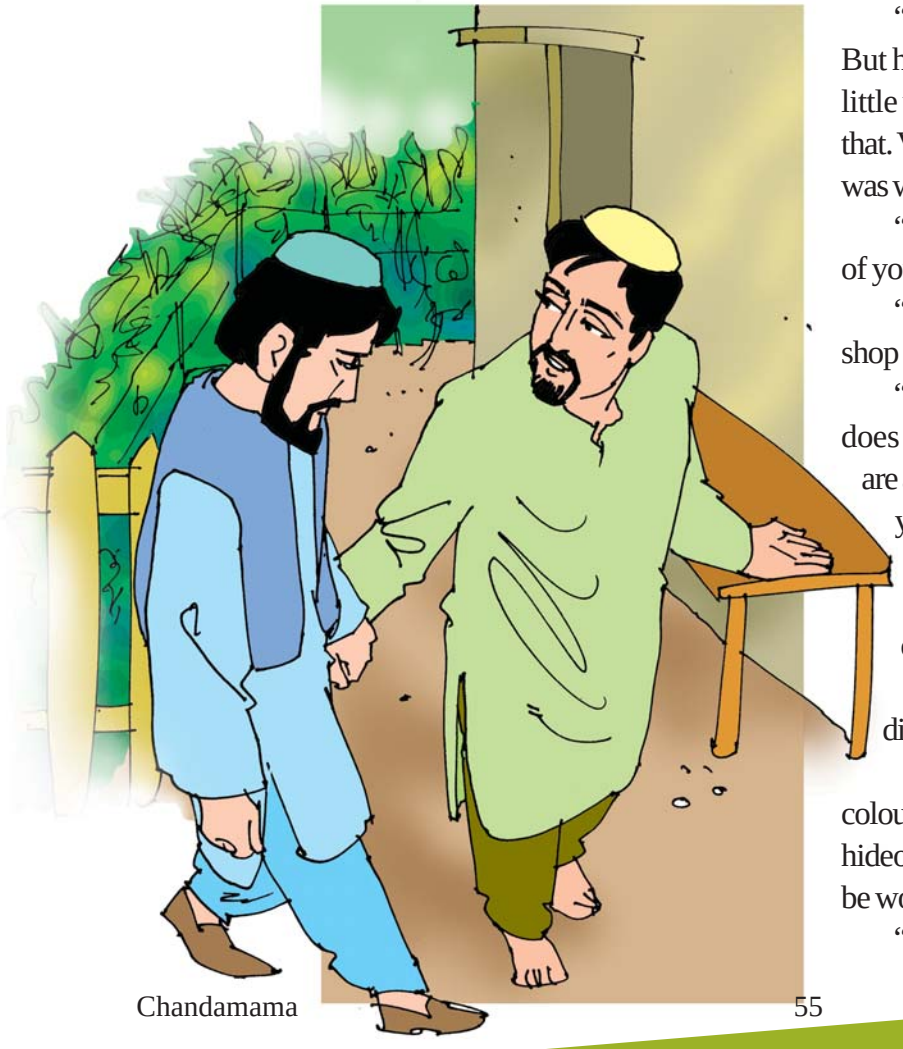
"Did he charge you more than the right price? He does that almost always. He is far too avaricious. You are a simple man. So, I'm sure he made you pay through your nose," Nasruddin remarked.

"He not only charged me more, but gave me a shawl that seemed to find delight in pouring out its colours into the water at the very first dip."

"You mean the colours of the shawl ran out in all directions?"

"Some colours ran into the water. The rest of the colours stuck to the shawl, but mixed and merged to form hideous patterns. The shawl is no longer in a condition to be worn," Vaziruddin pouted his lips.

"I will teach Jalaluddin a lesson. Wait and see,"



Nasruddin held his friend by the hand and pressed his palm gently.

"How do you propose to do that?" Vaziruddin asked.

"Listen," Nasruddin whispered his grand plan into the ears of his friend. Vaziruddin's lips parted, yielding to a surprised, yet happy smile.

A few days later, Nasruddin and Vaziruddin walked into Jalaluddin's shop. The shop displayed a wide variety of shawls, set neatly on shelves. There were also caps of all shapes and designs, hanging from pegs, driven into the wall.

"Welcome," Jalaluddin greeted them with a big smile.

"Every word you say is sweet. I think you have honey at the tip of your tongue!" Nasruddin sounded quite amused.

"You, Nasruddin, are a man of words. You can speak bluntly. Not me. I am a businessman. I have to be sweet and soft when I speak to my customers. Otherwise nobody will come to my shop," Jalaluddin peered at Nasruddin.

"I agree," Nasruddin disarmed the man's fears with a big broad smile.

"Can I help you?" Jalaluddin, who was curious, decided it was time to find out what had brought Nasruddin and his friend Vaziruddin into the shop.

"I thought I would look around. Maybe, if I find something that I like, I may buy it," Nasruddin was vague.

That possibility cheered up Jalaluddin.

He stood idly while Nasruddin picked up a cap and tried it out. It dropped over his forehead and dipped down to the tip of his nose. "Oh! It's too big for me! It turns me blind. How can I wear it and ever find my way around! I don't have a head big enough to go with this cap," he joked, removed it and hung it back on the peg.

He tried out several caps, finding some fault in every one of them till at last he chose one.

"How much does it cost?" he asked, casually, holding the cap closer to Jalaluddin.

"Twenty *Shekels*," said Jalaluddin.

"That is too high a price, my friend. I hope you are not a bandit, out to loot people of their hard-earned money," Nasruddin gave him a stern stare.

"Oh no. My prices are reasonable, so Allah help me. I'm an honest trader. I've to make a small profit to survive. Just a small profit. No more. But this cap is the finest you could ever get. Still, you're a dear friend and for you, I may forgo half my profit. Pay only 19 Shekels



and you can keep the cap."

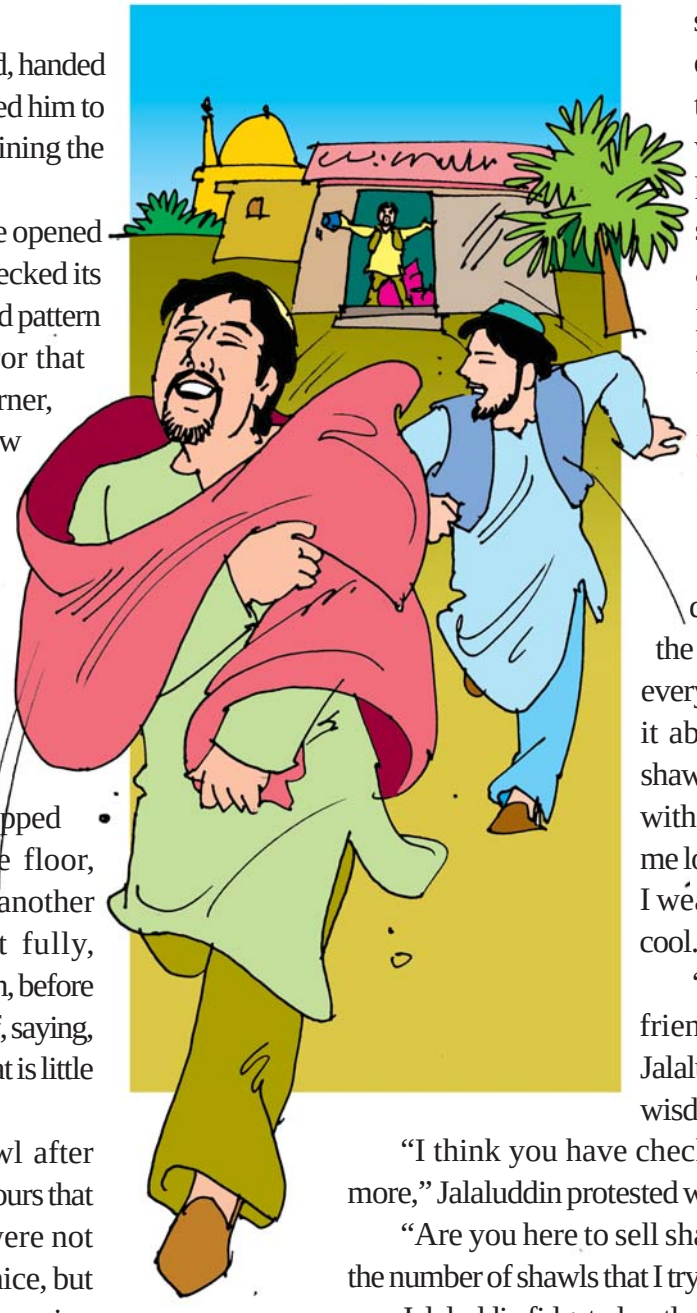
"Aha," Nasruddin grinned, handed the cap to Vaziruddin and asked him to keep it. Then he started examining the shawls.

He pulled out a shawl. He opened out the folds, spread it out, checked its length and width and shade and pattern and then moved to the mirror that Jalaluddin had placed in a corner, at the back of the shop. He saw his reflection in the mirror.

"Tell me, Vaziruddin, does this go well with me?' he asked.

Vaziruddin went closer, checked and said, "Oh no. I won't like you to be seen in this shawl."

"I agree," Nasruddin dropped the crumbled shawl on the floor, walked back and picked up another shawl. He opened it out fully, measured its length and breadth, before casually dumping it on the shelf, saying, "No, I would go for a shawl that is little more long and wide."



He picked up one shawl after another. Some shawls had colours that did not please him. Some were not large enough. Some looked nice, but the texture and quality of the weaving did not please him. Nasruddin ran through more than a hundred shawls. None of them pleased him. The discarded shawls lay all around, on the floor, on the sales counter. The shop now looked a total mess. Shawls filled up every inch of space. They lay to the right and to the left. They were here, there and everywhere. So, when Nasruddin moved around, he virtually walked on them.

Jalaluddin watched the scene with horror. Yet he did not say a word for quite some time. The hope of Nasruddin buying a costly shawl helped him hold on in silence. But his patience ran out, finally. Unable to stand the havoc that Nasruddin was making, he threw up his hands in disgust and screamed, "Are you serious about a shawl? Or just playing some grand game plan you have in mind?'

"Oh no, my friend. Do you think I would waste so much time if I were not serious? But, then, one doesn't buy a shawl every day. Shawls don't come for the asking. One has to pay for every shawl. So I have to make it absolutely certain that the shawl I buy is one that will stay with me for long, would make me look presentable every time I wear it," Nasruddin kept his cool.

"That makes sense, my friend," Vaziruddin turned to Jalaluddin and commended the wisdom of Nasruddin.

"I think you have checked a hundred shawls or more," Jalaluddin protested weakly.

"Are you here to sell shawls or to keep a count of the number of shawls that I try out?' Nasruddin bantered.

Jalaluddin fidgeted restlessly while Nasruddin tested a few more shawls. Nasruddin turned, in between, to Jalaluddin, and said, "I never knew that one could exercise one's limbs at your shop."

"How come?" Jalaluddin asked.

"See, you have placed the mirror at the rear of your rather big shop. So every time I walk to the mirror, I cover a few steps. In the process, I exercise my legs. Since I have checked, as you said a hundred shawls or more, going back to the mirror and then to the shelves holding the shawls, I must have walked about half a mile.

Thank you! I admire your concern for the health of your clients. When they come to your shop, they get a double bonanza. They get the best of shawls. They also get enough exercise for their legs," Nasruddin quickly opened up a shawl and made yet another trip to the mirror, stamping on the shawls that lay in his path.

It seemed as if ages had passed since he arrived at the shop. Jalaluddin was red with rage, yet he decided to wait out till Nasruddin found the right shawl. He was keen to make a sale.

Finally, Nasruddin let out a cry of joy.

"This is the shawl for me," he shouted, while running to Jalaluddin.

"Allah be pleased!" Jalaluddin replied, without much enthusiasm.

"Allah doesn't get pleased easily. We are not that good. We are out to make bargains. We are out to make money by fair means or foul. So why should we expect to be on Allah's good books?" Nasruddin joked, while asking for the price.

"For you it is nineteen shekels," said Jalaluddin.

"Good. I take it," said Nasruddin, threw it around himself and started walking off.

"But," Jalaluddin paused. "You have not paid for it."

"Jalaluddin, what is the cost of the cap that Vaziruddin holds?"

"Nineteen Shekels."

"Well, Vaziruddin, give the cap to Jalaluddin, in lieu of the shawl."

"But you didn't pay for the cap," rued Jalaluddin.

"Don' make a fuss. The cap costs nineteen Shekels. The shawl costs the same amount. I get the shawl. You get the cap. Is that not fair and square?" Nasruddin strode away, with Vaziruddin on tow, leaving Jalaluddin stumped, trying to work out the rather complex riddle presented by Nasruddin.

Nasruddin and Vaziruddin didn't stop running till they reached a quiet meadow where they sat down and laughed and laughed and laughed at how they had pulled a fast one on Jalaluddin, the trader who had palmed off on Vaziruddin a shawl whose colours ran. ***-R.K. Murthi***

A DISCHARGE REPORT



Tara and Monica were both patients in a mental hospital.

One day while they were walking past the hospital swimming pool, Tara suddenly jumped into the deep end. She sunk to the bottom of the pool and stayed there. Monica promptly jumped in to save her. She dived to the bottom and pulled out Tara.

When the medical director became aware of Monica's heroic act, he immediately ordered her to be discharged from the hospital, as he now considered her to be mentally stable.

He went to tell Monica and said, "Monica, I've good news and bad news. The good news is you're being discharged because, since you were able to jump in and save the life of another patient, I think you've regained your senses. The bad news is, Tara, the patient you saved, hung herself with her bathrobe belt in the bathroom. She's no more."

Monica replied, "She didn't hang herself, I put her there to dry."

IndiaScope

FESTIVAL OF MARTIAL DANCE



The mention of Kalinga reminds every Indian of the great battle Emperor Asoka fought and won, but which brought him the truth of the futility of war.

To commemorate this reformation in the emperor's conviction, a festival of martial dance called the KALINGA MAHOTSAV is held every year in Dhauli where the actual battle is believed to have taken place. Some 30 years ago, the Vishwa Shanti Stupa came up near Buddhist monastery there. The stupa and the statue of the Buddha form an ideal backdrop for the festival.

This year the Mahotsav will take place on February 4 and 5. Towards the last three days of the month, capital Bhubneswar will resound with vocal and instrumental music at the annual RAJA RANI FESTIVAL.

Both festivals are organised by the Department of Tourism, Orissa.



MUSEUM HONOURED

Mumbai's 150-year-old Victoria and Albert Museum has been honoured by UNESCO with an Award of Excellence under its Asia-Pacific Awards for Culture Heritage Conservation Programme 2005. The museum was founded in 1855 by Bhau Daji Lad, but called after Queen Victoria and her consort Prince Albert. Ever since its jurisdiction came under the Municipal Corporation of Mumbai, there was some decline in its maintenance. In 1996, the Indian National Trust for Art and Cultural Heritage (INTACH) presented a proposal to the Corporation to introduce improvements and establish a laboratory for conservation activities. The proposal was accepted and it was decided to seek collaboration from the Jamanlal Bajaj Foundation. The conservation exercise was completed to coincide with the Museum's 150th anniversary last year. It is said that if one were to go through the different halls and columns, one will get the feeling of experiencing an Arabian Nights fantasy. The once shabby-looking building is now renamed after its founder Bhau Daji Lad.

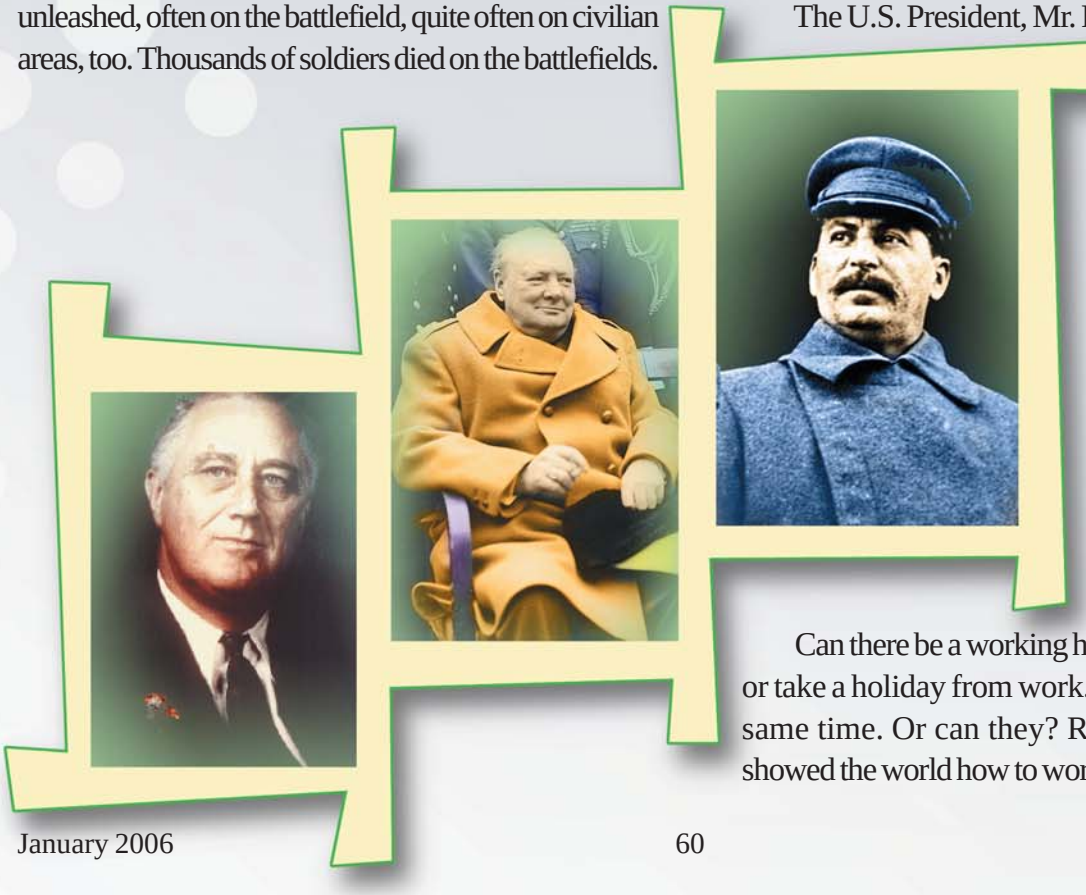


United Nations... A New Year Gift

January 1 marks the beginning of the New Year. A brand new year that gifts everyone, be he rich or poor, king or commoner, with 365 days! We also enjoy the freedom to decide how we utilize this gift. No wonder, then, that on every New Year we feel right on top of the world. We exchange greetings and gifts, wish each other all the best. We usually say, "May the New Year bring in happiness and joy. May it usher in peace everywhere."

Peace, alas, was nowhere around on January 1, 1942. A world war was raging. On one side were the Allies, chief among them the U.S.A, Britain, France and the Soviet Union. On the other side were the Axis powers, led by Germany, Italy and Japan. Both sides devised new weapons of mass destruction. These weapons were unleashed, often on the battlefield, quite often on civilian areas, too. Thousands of soldiers died on the battlefields. Millions of civilians were killed or maimed, dislodged from their hearths and homes to swell refugee camps. Nobody was safe. None was secure. "Oh! If only peace returns to the Earth!" people in all parts of the world wished for what then seemed well beyond reach.

That thought upset the vast majority of people. That worried leaders of several nations, too. President Roosevelt of the United States of America was one of them. He felt sad at the havoc caused by war. He knew that 'peace never comes for the asking. Peace cannot be bought through cowardice.' President Roosevelt was no coward. He marshaled the military might of the nation to fight the Axis powers. He sought ways and means to end the war quickly, to save humanity from the pains and the perils of war.



The U.S. President, Mr. Roosevelt, was confident that the Allies would win. Then would come real peace. He started dreaming of an era of eternal peace, once the world war ended. On 14 August 1941, he and Sir Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Britain, got together. They spent time on a cruiser that sailed the Atlantic. For both of them it was a working holiday.

Can there be a working holiday? One either works or take a holiday from work. None can do both at the same time. Or can they? Roosevelt and Churchill showed the world how to work and have fun, too. They

sat on the deck, at times silently watching the changing blue of the sky and the sea, letting the spray and the wind take them closer to nature. At other times, they engaged themselves in talks on issues of national and international importance. How could they bring the war to a quick end? How could they usher in peace?

Roosevelt told Churchill of his dream that some day man would learn to live in peace. Churchill found wisdom in that hope. He commended the President, noted wistfully that peace, alas, was still a distant dream.

The two leaders considered various options to lead the world out of war and resurrect peace. Roosevelt spoke of 'Nations working in unison'. That gave the idea of an organization which would help resolve their differences through negotiations. This organization would bind nations together. The world would then become worthy of the name, United Nations!

That was the seed idea. The two leaders pursued the idea vigorously. They prepared a charter and signed it. It recorded their hope 'to see established peace which will afford to all nations the means of dwelling safely within their own boundaries and will afford assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want." They also recorded the need for 'establishment of a wide and permanent system of general security'.

History refers to this document as the Atlantic Charter. The Charter was the first ray of hope that peace would return, some day. How soon, none knew.

Roosevelt and Churchill continued to fight the Axis powers. The war was fought on land, at sea, in the air. Leading the nation in war was a challenge enough. Yet both Roosevelt and Churchill found time to tell leaders of several nations who supported the Allies about their grand dream for peace, shared with them the details of the Atlantic Charter. Thus began the real quest for peace, even while battle royales were being waged in all parts of the globe.

The leaders exchanged notes. There was no difference on the need to establish pace. But how could that be achieved? Each leader had his answer. The views were discussed and debated. Finally, 26 nations agreed



on the basic formula for restoring peace to the world. They met at Washington on 1 January 1942 to finalize the grand plan.

The leaders could not have chosen a better date. The decision they took on New Year day was historic. They declared their determination to work for peace. That declaration was the best New Year Gift the leaders gave the people of the world.

The public waited for the war to end and peace to be restored. By the fall of 1944, it became clear that the Allies would win. The end of the war was in sight.

On 1 December 1944, Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin (the leader of the Soviet Union), met at Teheran recognizing 'the supreme responsibility of the United Nations to make peace.' Two months later, on 11 February 1945, the leaders called for a conference at San Francisco to finalize the charter for the United Nations. The organization came into being on 25 April 1945.

Sixty years have passed since then. The United Nations has succeeded, to a large extent, in securing peace. Of course, there had been minor wars and major scuffles in various parts of the world. Even today, there is tension in many parts of the world. Universal peace is yet to be secured. So none can assert that the organization has fully succeeded. But we have to admit that it has achieved some success in taking mankind closer to peace. The United Nations gives us one clear message: *Better a fragile peace than no peace. Better minor wars than world wars*.

We must be dimwits to question the wisdom that lies in that message.

- R.K. Murthi

GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM



Vritra went away to Mount Gandhamadan and concentrated on Brahma. Indra, as expected, sent his nymphs to disturb him, but in vain.

At last Brahma appeared before Vritra. "O Lord, bless me so that I remain immune to all attacks with weapons made of metal or wood–or any such stuff. Secondly, bless me that the more I fight, the more powerful I grow."

"Let it be so," said Brahma and he disappeared. Vritra returned to Twastu-Prajapati and reported to him of his success.

"Excellent. Now we can look forward to further avenging the innocent Viswarup's death at the hands of Indra," exclaimed Twastu-Prajapati.

Twastu Prajapati ordered Vritra to destroy Indra and his citadel by all means. Vritra marched upon the domain of gods.

The news reached Indra in no time. He got ready to face the attack. The sages got panicky at the imminent war. Frequent strifes between the gods and demons were disturbing their peace very much. The demons did not go satisfied with humiliating only the gods; they found it great fun to harass the sages, too.

For a long time, Indra had no occasion to fight as powerful a foe as Vritrasur. He prepared his army with great care. As soon as Vritra reached the gateway to heaven, Indra came out with his soldiers to confront him.

A terrible battle ensued. Vritra dereated Indra and imprisoned him and then gulped him! Gods who witnessed that cried in horror. Some of them ran to their guru Brihaspati, and reported the happening to him.

Brihaspati had never expected such a predicament to come to Indra in so short a time. There was nothing surprising in the demons inflicting a defeat on the gods. But Vritra swallowing up Indra was a terrific feat!

Brihaspati sat in meditation. He declared after a

25. PRIDE HAS A FALL – FOR ALL!

while, "It is a matter of consolation that Indra remains unharmed inside Vritra!"

The gods consulted among themselves and created a power called Jrimbhika. The said power entered Vritra and made him yawn. As soon as Vritra opened his mouth and yawned, Indra leaped out to his freedom.

The gods raised joyous shouts. But Indra himself was far from being happy. Although he escaped, the experience was quite humiliating. But for the intervention of a yawn, he would have remained in the demon's tummy!

Indra was defeated in the next phase of the battle, too. Vritra entered Amaravati and plundered the wealth of the gods. He occupied Indra's throne. The gods fled and took shelter at different places. The domain of gods now became the pleasure city of the demons.

Twastu was very happy at his son's success. The demons went mad with joy. They danced and took out crazy processions on earth, in heaven, as well as through the nether world.

The gods went to Lord Shiva and told him prayfully, "We take refuge with you. Please protect us."

"I shall discuss the issue with Brahma and Vishnu. None but Vishnu can vanquish Vritra," said Shiva.

The gods followed Shiva first to the presence of Brahma and then, along with the latter, to Vaikuntha where Vishnu lived.

Vishnu heard all about the plight of the gods. He looked at Brahma smilingly and told the gods, "It is by virtue of Brahma's boon that Vritra has grown so powerful. Well, there is nothing wrong in one following certain discipline and obtaining some power; but it is unfortunate that one should use such power for evil ends–for satisfying his own vanity. It is not possible to defeat the terrible and wicked demon in a straight fight. We must find some other way–probably in the manner in which I had suppressed Bali as Vamana or had kept the nectar out of the reach of the demons, in the guise of Mohini. Go and ask Indra to negotiate with Vritra for peaceful co-existence. What is more important, pray to Yogamaya, the Divine Mother. You can have no success without her help."

The gods went to Mount Meru and devoted themselves to the worship of Yogamaya. The goddess appeared before them at last. She was clothed in dazzling



red and she held a glittering trident. She had three eyes.

The gods prostrated themselves to her and then said, "O Mother, we are rendered helpless. Vritrasur has captured our domain. As if that is not enough, the demons are chasing us and tormenting us. Who but you can come to our rescue?"

Yogamaya assured them of her help and disappeared.

The gods sent a messenger to Vritra to negotiate for a compromise with Indra. He met Vritra and told him: "O Monarch of Demons, now that your desire is fulfilled, why should you be hostile towards Indra? Both of you are great. Is it necessary that you should be enemies of each other? Why not both of you live in peace? So far as Indra is concerned, he's willing to extend his hand of friendship to you."

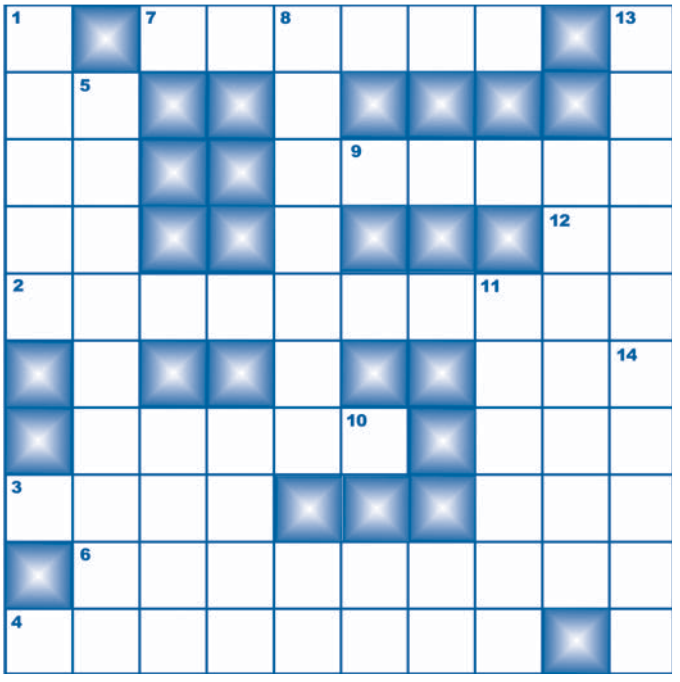
"I do not find fault with your suggestion. But Indra can never be trusted. He can commit any sin!" said Vritra.

"No sinner can escape the consequence of his sinful act. Why should you worry on that count? Such thoughts should not stand in the way of your developing good relations between yourselves," said the messenger.

Vritra agreed to the proposal. ***(To continue)***

PUZZLE DAZZLE

Countries and Capitals Crossword



Here is a crossword on Countries and Capitals. Have fun solving it.



Down:

1. The capital of Switzerland (4).
5. Kuala Lumpur is the capital of this country (8).
8. Moscow is the capital of this country (6).
11. Taipei is the capital city of this nation (6).
12. The capital of the United Kingdom (5).
13. Tokyo is the capital of this country (5).
14. Kathmandu is the capital of this country (5).

Across:

2. Capital of the United States of America (10).
3. Suva is the capital of this island (4).
4. The capital of Sri Lanka (7).
6. The capital of Turkey (6).
7. The capital of Germany (6).
9. Italy's capital (4).
10. The capital of France (Reverse) (5).

- by R. Vaasugi



She-goat, wolf and cabbage

A farmer bought the three items mentioned above. On his way back from the market, he has to cross a river; his boat being small, he can take only one item at a time. He can't leave the goat and the cabbage, because the goat will eat the cabbage; he can't leave the goat with the wolf, lest the wolf made a juicy meal of the goat. How then shall the farmer manage to take them across the river?

ANSWERS FOR FUN WITH PHIYA PUZZLES :

I Spot the species : 1.Lion tailed macaque, 2. Honey bees at a comb, 3.Common flameback (woodpecker), 4.Tiger, 5.Giant squirrel, 6.King cobra, 7.Blue mormon, 8.Chameleon, 9.Indian bull frog, 10. Sambhar, 11.Crimson throated barbet.

II Word scramble : a. Atlas Moth, b.Pine, c.Hornbill, d.Mushroom, e.Sandalwood, f.Bomboo.

ANSWERS FOR PUZZLE DAZZLE :

Down: 1.Bern, 5.Malaysia, 8.Russia, 11.Taiwan, 12.London, 13.Japan, 14.Nepal. ***Across:*** 2.Washington, 3.Fiji, 4.Colombo, 6.Ankara, 7.Berlin, 9.Rome, 10.Paris.

ANSWER FOR SHE-GOAT, WOLF AND CABBAGE

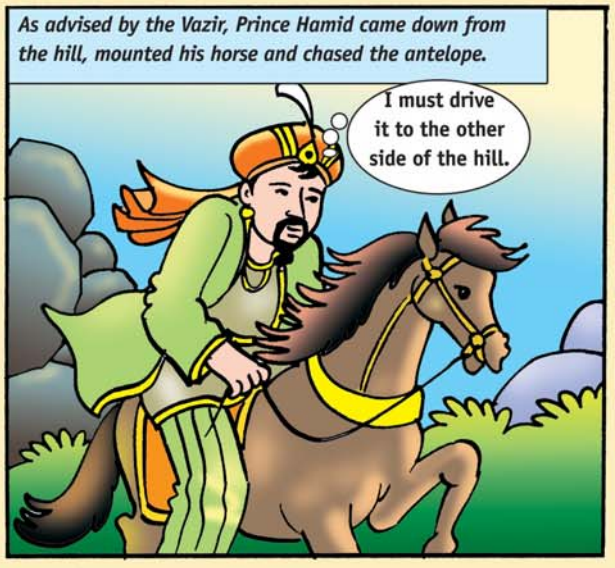
The farmer will take the she-goat first; then come back and take the cabbage; on his return, he takes the goat with him; he leaves the goat and takes the wolf and leaves him with the cabbage. He goes back once again to fetch the she-goat! Could *you* figure it out?

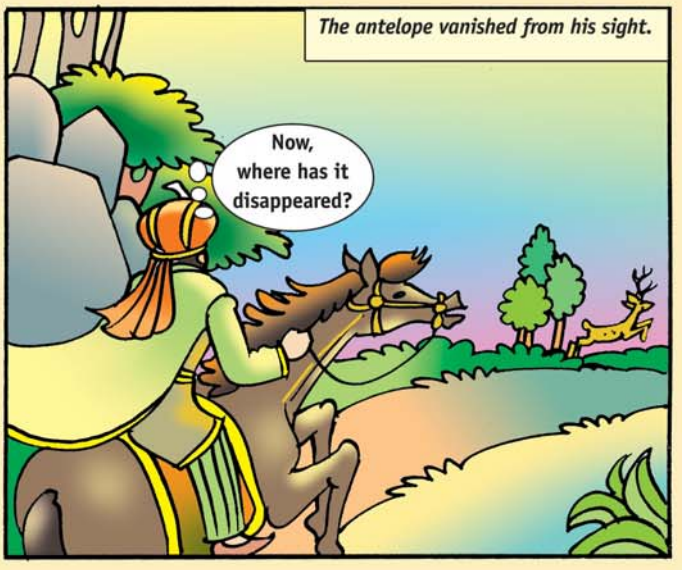

The Arabian Nights
THE PRINCE AND THE OGRESS
The Caliph of Baghdad had a son, who was clever and handsome. One day...
Father, I wish to go on a long journey...
Certainly, Hamid.
... seeing places, meeting people, and knowing their customs.
Good idea. But, mind you, Hamid. You'll meet both good and bad people.
So, I shall ask one of my vazirs to accompany you. He'll give you all advice.
Thank you, father, I'm sure he'll give me good company.
The Caliph sent for one of his vazirs.
Abdullah, my son wants to see the world. He'll need your company and more than that your advice.
I'll enjoy Prince Hamid's company, your majesty.
Sir, shall we start tomorrow?
Prince Hamid and Vazir Abdullah were accompanied by an entourage.
Do you wish to rest?
No. We shall pitch our tents later in the evening.
For the first time, Hamid travelled through picturesque places.
We're nearing a town, prince. We shall stay here for the night.
As you say, Vazir.

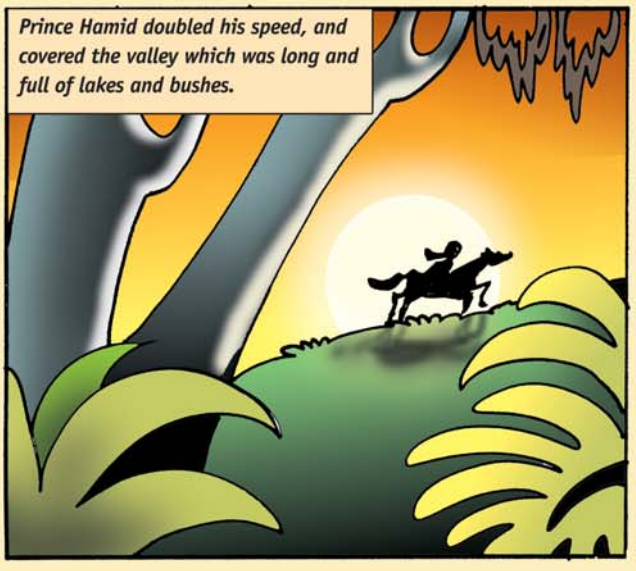
The Arabian Nights

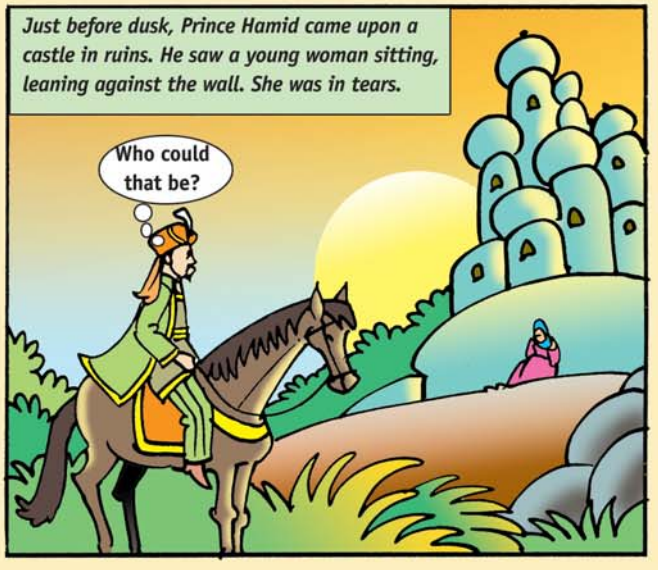


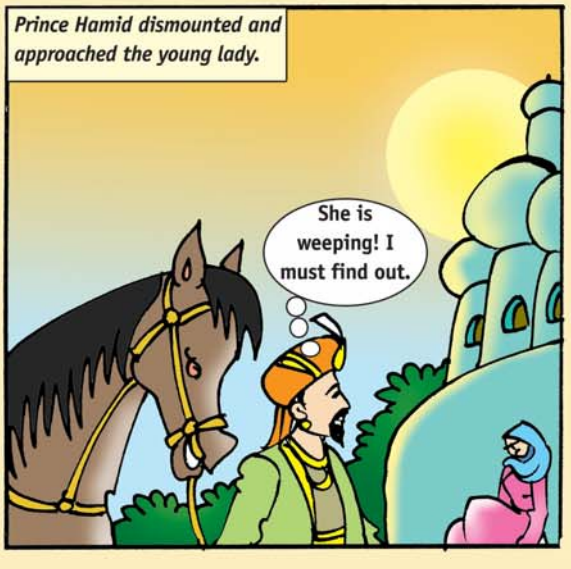
THE PRINCE AND THE OGRESS





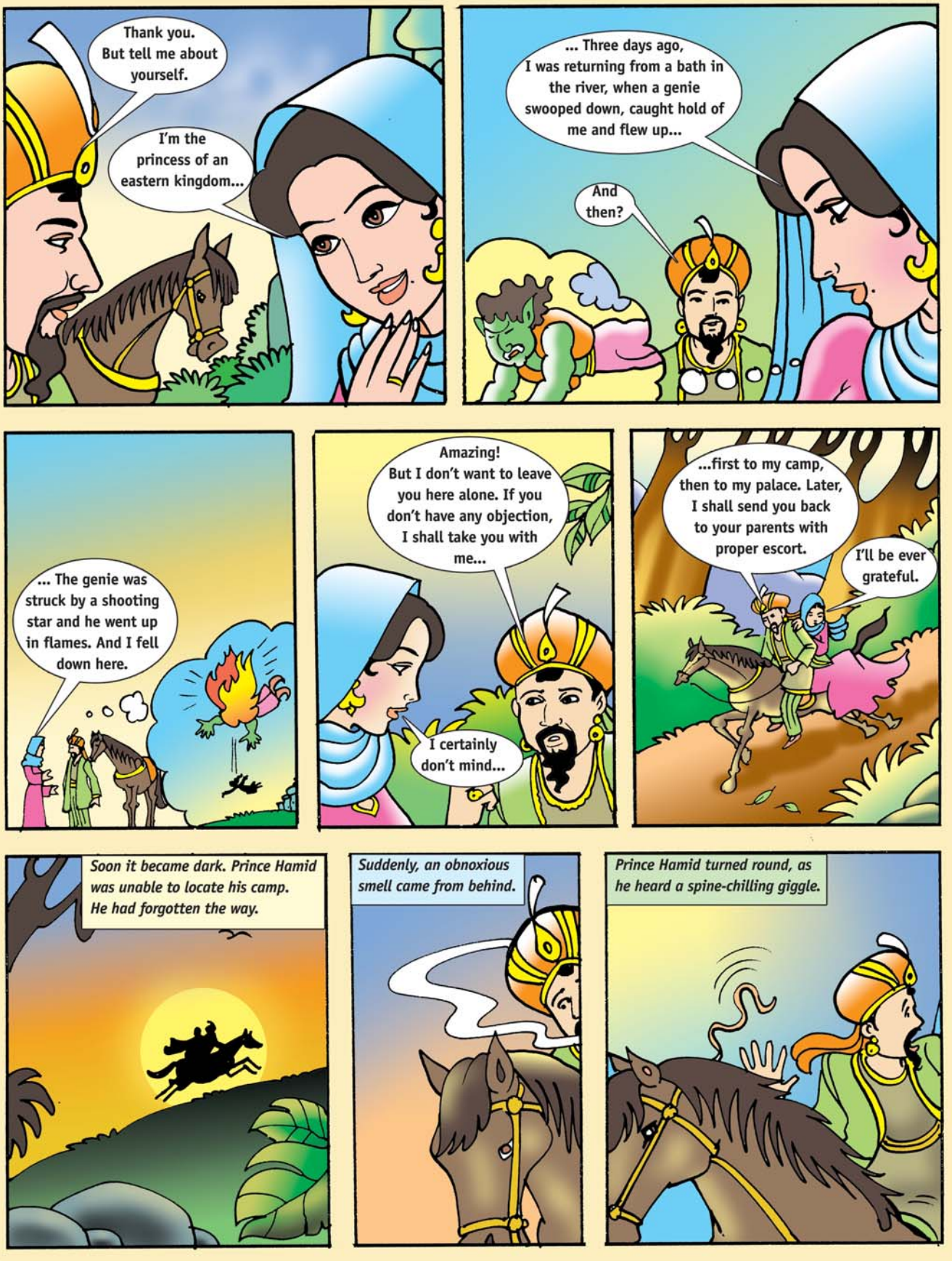








The Arabian Nights



THE PRINCE AND THE OGRESS





Photo Caption CONTEST

Can you write a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other?

You may write it on a post card marking it:

Photo Caption Contest, CHANDAMAMA

and mail it to reach us before the 20th of the current month.



TATA NARAYANAMURTHY

The best entry will receive a Prize of Rs.100 and it will also be published in the issue after the next. Please write your address legibly and add PIN code.



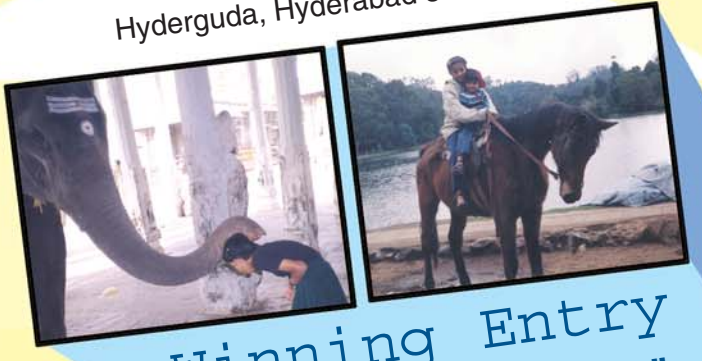
TATA NARAYANAMURTHY

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Make as many meaningful words as you can by using the letters from the following sentence given within brackets.

(Maha Rich Maha Fun Maha Yummy Nutrine MAHALACTO)

Steps to be followed to win the prizes

1. Make as many meaningful words as you can by using the letters from the above sentence given within brackets.
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No. of words.....(list attached)

Signature of Participant



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